M·I·A JUBILEE

IMPROVEMENT ERA

JULY, 1925

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THE TRIUMPH OF THE MAY

By Bertha A. Kleinman

The *Improvement Era* Prize Jubilee Poem.

I am the May—the Triumph of the May—
And every lilt is pulse of me, forsooth,
Each strophic flight of bird and roundelay,
Is voice of mine in ecstasy of Youth!

I am the Springtime sunning down the land,
With Hope attuned to every starling's song,
With balmy blossoms snowing from my hand
To grace the sward where children's footsteps throng.

A dryad flinging vesture to the tree
Of jewels spun from April's chrismal tears,
Where every leaf in magic palmistry
Indites the vision of the promised years.

In every copse the holy interlude
Of prismic dawn and glinting, golden day
Proclaims for me, in blest beatitude,
My sovereign right to childhood's Realm of Play.

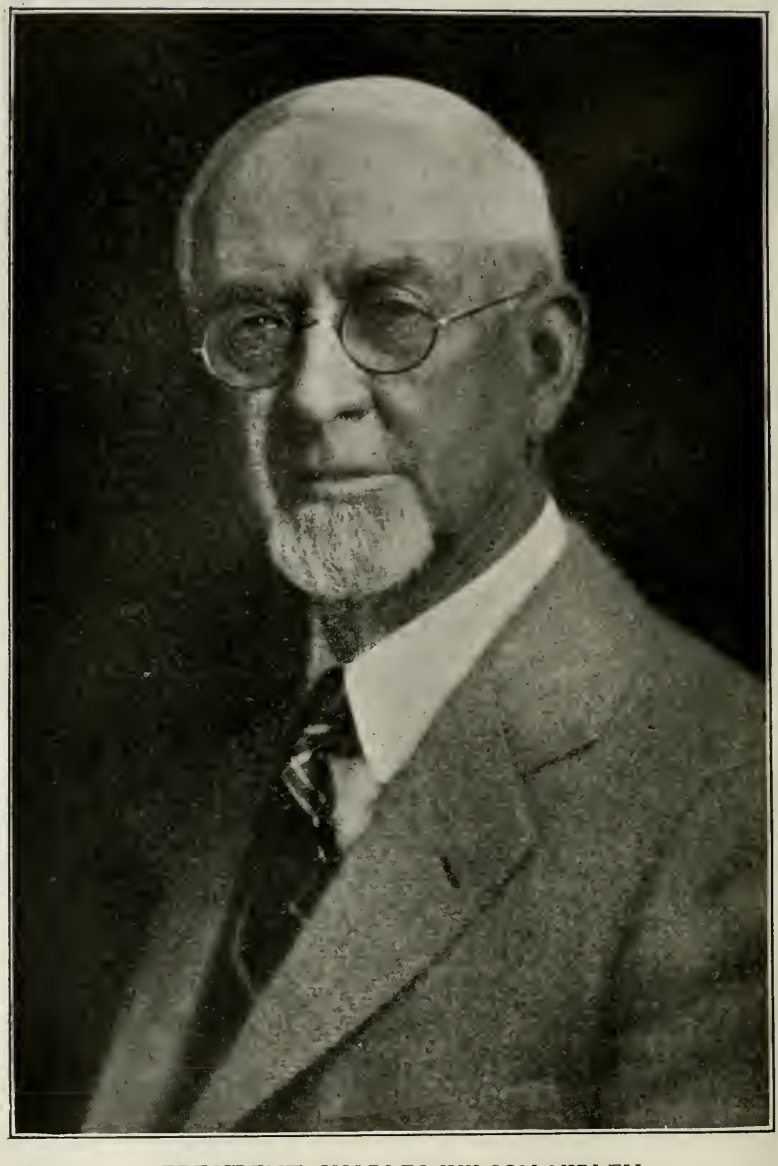
The winter's rust may stain the lily's sheen,
The petals tarnish and the stalks grow old,
But Springtime turns the page of God's routine,
And lo! His Grace hath turned the shard to gold!

The yester-rose lies severed and adrift,
The sear leaves tremble at the night's compline,
Behold! the matin cleaves the cope arift,
And all the wonder of the May is mine!

Her triumph spun in fragile monocarp,
Redeems the waste of fell and moor and fen,
Let bleak December twang her rusted harp,
Beneath, the rhime-frost earth is young again.

The doubts of men may mar life's symphony,
But flooding all is God's great sun of Truth,
And heir to Godship and his imagery—
I am the May in renaissance of Youth.

Mesa, Arizona.



PRESIDENT CHARLES WILSON NIBLEY

Born February 5, 1849; chosen, ordained and set apart as Presiding Bishop of the Church, December 11, 1907; chosen as Second Counselor in the First Presidency, May 28, 1925, and set apart for the office on the same day by President Heber J. Grant.

IMPROVEMENT ERA

Vol. XXVIII JULY, 1925 No. 9

GRAPHIC GLIMPSES OF PIONEER LIFE

How the Hymn: "Blow Gently, ye Wild Winds," Originated

BY CHARLES W. PENROSE

Reported by W. Theron Carruth.

[It will be a delight to his thousands of friends who are readers of the *Era* to peruse these thrilling words of the late President and Pioneer Charles W. Penrose. They were spoken, a little more than fifteen months before his passing, to his family and friends who were assembled in his honor to commemorate the 92nd anniversary of his birth, February 4, 1924. How he came to write the hymn, "Blow Gently, ye Wild Winds," is here told in his own way. The clearness, simplicity and earnestness of his testimony concerning faith in God as the Father of our spirits, the divinity of "Mormonism," eternal life and other doctrines of the Gospel, are characteristic of all his spoken and written utterances. All were exemplified in his life, and were a part of his very being.—*Editors.*]

My dear boys and girls, ladies and gentlemen, children and grandchildren of the Penrose family and their associates:

I heartily thank you this evening for this entertainment which you have furnished for my benefit and for your own entertainment and enjoyment. I regret that I am in such poor condition to speak to you. I am very much oppressed with the grip and for the last two or three days have not been in a fit condition to be in public at all. Yesterday I was intending to go to the Eleventh ward fast meeting to speak, but on account of this affliction, which has come on me a little every year for several years, I was unfit to go out. I should have been better today if I had gone to bed. I had made up my mind to be with you as you met to celebrate my ninety-second birthday.

Today I have had the pleasure of meeting a large number of my old friends, some of whom I met and knew abroad and some at home. Some I have been associated with intimately, particularly in connection with the great Latter-day work commonly called "Mormonism." I

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am a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and I have been closely associated with it ever since my boyhood. I have learned of the great fact that God Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, has in these latter times revealed himself and communicated with mankind through his prophet—a boy between fourteen and fifteen years of age, with a very common name, Joseph, and a very common surname, Smith. This young man, Joseph Smith was very anxious to find out which was the true religion. He was living among people mixed up in different sects and so he prayed to find which was the true religion. He retired to a grove of trees near his father's residence, a place which I have had the pleasure of visiting, and bowed down on his knees and prayed to the Father. There were many other churches—the Roman Catholic, Episcopalian, Methodist—all different denominations, but he wanted to find out which was the right one, because he could see by good common sense that God would not invent a number of different religions, so he prayed, and in the course of his prayer, the Lord made himself manifest to him. God the Father and Jesus Christ, his Son, appeared to him in a pillar of light and conversed with him and told him to join none of the religions because all were gone out of the way and that the time was near at hand when the true religion should be revealed from heaven; that the true gospel should be restored and that he should have authority to administer in its ordinances and to lead men in the truth.

I mention this because it has been my life. I learned about these things when I was a boy. I found myself in a similar condition in which Joseph Smith found himself. I prayed to the Father and he manifested to me the clearest way, that there was one true religion and that was the one which he revealed. Being convinced of the fact and knowing the gospel to be true, I was baptized on the 14th of May, 1850. If you will think for a minute or two you will see that was a long time ago. But the Lord gave me his Spirit, blessed me and led me in the path of righteousness. I bowed in obedience to the gospel, and although none of my friends or family could see as I did, yet I obeyed. I had to stand for myself. I embraced the Faith, received witness from God that this Church was the true one, and when the Lord called upon me, through his servants, to go and preach this faith, I answered the call and on the 6th day of January, 1851—how long ago that is!—I was ordained an Elder in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and called to go out into the world without purse or scrip—without pay, without money, without price, with dependence upon nobody but the Lord, to preach the gospel. I was called and sent out for that purpose. And in the early part of March of that year, I started out. I was called upon to go to the county of Essex to preach the gospel. There were no Latter-day Saints there and no friends.

Another man by the name of Pursice was called to go to another

part of the same county. We started out on foot to go to our fields of labor. On arriving in the town of Tennsford, the capital town, which was his field of labor, we had no friends, no money and had no place to go, so we lay down by a straw stack and spent the night there. It was a very cold night and we stayed there without supper, and in the morning had no breakfast and my companion became very discouraged.

"What are we going to do?" he asked, and I said, "I am going on to my field of labor."

"I have had enough," he said, "and I am going home."

He went, and I do not know to this day what became of him.

I went on to the town of Marldon in Essex. Before I started out the president of the branch gave me some good advice. He said; "Now, Brother Penrose, you are going out into the world and you will have to depend on the Lord. If you see somebody that looks well-to-do, and as if he would help you, go right up to that person and ask him to give you help, that you are a servant of the Lord."

I remembered this advice and just before I got into the town of Marldon, being very tired and sleepy, I saw a gentleman coming across a field up to a stile—I don't know whether you know what that is—we called them stiles, so I walked up to him and after swallowing a few times, for I was not accustomed to begging, I said: "I am a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, sent out into the world to preach the gospel." And he said, "Give him my compliments"—and walked off. You can imagine how I felt. I went on to the town and after distributing a few tracts—having no friends, no money, no change of apparel, no lodging, I came to one house and the woman seemed to be very kind and I asked her for a drink of water. She gave it to me. I sat down and broke into tears. That was my introduction to missionary work.

It came to my mind that a man with whom I had conversed in London, William Taber, had some relatives there, so I inquired and was told, "Oh yes, her name is now Sayaart, I will find her and bring her to you." I found I knew her brother and told of my sleeping out doors and she said, "You shan't sleep out of doors. I havn't got a place to keep you but I will find some place for you."

That was my beginning. I baptized a number of people, made many friends in the town, and one of the ladies I had baptized, took up a collection and hired a cottage where I could preach on Sunday. This was my introduction in the work. I mention these things so you will know what we had to face in those days. I succeeded in raising up a large branch there. I was blessed with health and rich spiritual blessings were poured out upon me. I was blessed with the power of healing and many cases of healing were performed and it made quite a stir in the town. The mother of this young lady was sick with heart disease and had been given up by the doctors. One

day she said she could exercise enough faith that the Lord could heal her. I had the same faith, and so we engaged a vehicle to take us down to the sea-side. I took her to a bath house and then we went into the water and when she came up she said, "Praise the Lord; I am healed; I am well." She was. It was a very remarkable case and it attracted considerable attention.

Another case which may be very interesting to you was that of a woman by the name of Colt, who had been baptized into the Church. This lady had been suffering from headaches—severe headaches, and by the laying on of hands she was healed and the pains left her and she got well as far as her head was concerned. One day while talking with her she held out her hand for me to see—which I easily could, because it was about as large as a shoulder of mutton—and there in each joint was a bleeding sore. Every joint was cracked. She said, "I have been suffering with this hand for years. I have been to hospitals, to doctors and they don't know what it is."

I don't know whether you children have seen oysters in the shell, but you know oysters grow in salt water and have a great rough shell on the outside. Her hand looked just like the outside of an oyster shell—it was an awful looking thing. I asked her if she had any faith that her hand could be healed, and she said she had for she knew she had been healed of the headaches. I got some oil and she covered her hand up with a black glove, after administering to her. That night she went to bed and when she got up the next morning she found out she could close both her hands. She pulled off the glove and her hand was well—completely healed except one sore on the thumb and that was open for nearly a week. After that she had no trouble with it. Sometimes when I would go to the surrounding villages to preach she would hold up her hand and show it to the people and relate how she had been healed. These instances show the power of faith and the wonderful blessings of God.

I might tell you of similar instances of the same kind—many of them. They were great testimonies to me. But I must hurry along and cut the story short.

I labored in this way for ten years, in different parts of England, before coming to this country. I traveled from place to place. I raised up friends and baptized people and the Lord blessed me with strength of mind and body. I was only a young fellow—a little over nineteen. The Lord was with me in all my ministry. At that time I wrote a great many things for the *Millennial Star*, a publication in Liverpool. They are published in volumes to this day. A short time ago a man came to me and said he had read an old discourse of mine, written in 1859, published in the *Millennial Star*, in which I predicted a great many things, which he said had taken place. I got that copy of the *Millennial Star*, published on September 10, 1859, and these things

that I wrote have come to pass, many of them word for word.* These have been testimonies to me that the Lord was with me. During all of this time the power of God was with me and his Spirit led and directed me.

In 1861 I was released and came out here. I crossed the sea in a sailing vessel, a vessel which has to depend upon the wind for traveling power. Nobody knew about steam in those days. No one traveled by electricity; the wonderful powers of electricity were not then known and developed. Many wonderful things have come to pass since that time. We were thirty days before the winds and the waves from Liverpool to New York. I had passage in the steerage among the poorest of the poor and was there with them for thirty days. From New York to St. Joseph it took nine days of travel, then three days up the river on a boat, lying out on the deck at night, then eleven weeks on the plains from the Missouri River to Salt Lake City.

I have to talk rapidly and cut things short so that you may hear what I have to say without tiring you.

So we were thirty days on the ocean, sea sick, travel worn, at the mercy of the winds and waves. The Civil War had broken out and it took us nine days from New York to St. Joseph. Then three days on the Missouri River, followed by eleven weeks on the plains driving two yoke of oxen. I borrowed money and bought a cart and some oxen. After I came here to Zion, I went to live in Farmington, and there I passed through the experience which caused me to write the song which my son, Frank, sang to you, called "Blow gently, ye wild winds." That song was written in England in 1865. I had been to Farmington, as I told you, and afterwards moved to Cache Valley. Just a few words about Farmington. There I had the experiences of my life. I had obtained a small log cabin which faced the east. At that time several severe wind storms had occurred which had blown things to pieces. One afternoon I noticed that the wind was blowing from the east to the west and the clouds had settled low like a pillow on the mountains. The wind was rising and I knew something was going to happen.

In order to protect my house I fastened my door. It had a little latch on it—no lock—if you know what a latch is.

The wind grew stronger until it was blowing terribly. I piled up two heavy boxes of clothing against the front door and helped to secure the door by using a pair of scissors. I then thought we were pretty safe. My wife lay there on the bed, with twins. Two little children three days old. I lay down on the floor and the wind began to screech and howl in a way you cannot imagine;

*For the article referred to, see *Improvement Era*, March, 1924, pp. 403-7.

it was a most horrible sound, rushing and screeching like whirlwinds. It blew everything loose on the house and made an awful noise. I was afraid something would happen and I was thinking what to do, the door blew right open, pushing the boxes of clothing before it and the snow blew in right over that bed. Well, I can't describe my feelings. I grabbed the door and tried to push it shut, putting my head against it. The snow poured in over my feet and ankles; I called out for Aunt Lizzie—we called her—who was living in corner room of the house and together we tried to push the door back but we couldn't succeed. I had learned that during the day some strangers passing through the town had stopped in the big house on the east side of the street. I found a big spike nail and I wrenched that out and got something to serve as a hammer and I drove that in the ground against the door and said, "Lizzie, hold on for dear life and I will get help. I ran out the back entrance and waited until the wind lulled a bit and then ran. I got these men and it took four of us three-quarters of an hour to nail the door up—all of that time to close and nail up the door, but at last we got it fastened up.

I lay down again on the floor and as soon as I began to go to sleep I could hear the wind screeching and howling and suddenly the window crashed and I had to get up again. I looked out and saw that the wind had blown the ground bare of snow and had actually blown rocks out of the ground and one had smashed the window and the snow was blowing in. I had to take up a Buffalo robe and nail it across the window to keep the snow from coming in—that was the pickle we were in. I had an old cow and no cow shed and the poor thing was out in the lot. I saw her standing out there like a cat perched on a fence, so I ran out and cut the rope loose and then tried to get back to the house. I dropped down on my hands and knees and pulled myself back by grabbing hold of weeds and grass. We were in that condition all day long.

We had no stove then, but we had a chimney built in the log house. I had borrowed a sheet iron stove and built a fire so we could get some hot water. The wind was still howling and screeching, the snow flying and it was terribly cold. I had laid down again and then I noticed that the chimney was red hot and was setting the logs on fire. I tried to put the fire out by packing snow on it but couldn't pack enough. I ran out to get help and by getting down and pulling myself along the fence I got to the nearest house and there I got Jacob Miller to help me and together we put out the fire. All that night the wind howled and blew and tore and the next morning it subsided. Then we learned of the damage it had done. Cows and sheep were destroyed, barns blown away and great damage was done. A man in the south part of town had built a new house and his wife was in the house during the storm, and the wind took the

roof off the house. The woman ran with her baby across the street against the fence and there she and her baby were frozen to death .

About three and one-half years from that time I was called to go on another mission to England. I was called to be in the city on the first day of May. I was there; I learned that I was to leave immediately for my field of labor. We had no funds to help missionaries in those days and we had to get along the best we could. So I worked my way to New York and got on a shipping vessel, in the steerage, with a lot of wild Irish people. I was kept in England for three and one-half years. During that time my folks lived in a log cabin and got along as best they could. I have been back there three times. The last time I was gone three and one-half years. Money was very scarce and the missionaries had to get along as best they could, while the folks at home did the same. But the Lord blessed us. It was by his Spirit and power that I labored and through him I have maintained my reputation. I have met a number of good friends here today who have told me of the good work which the Lord gave me the power to do. I laid hands upon the sick, preached the gospel and baptized people. I can testify to you that the Lord has been with me, his Spirit is round about me, and it is by his power that I have been able to hold the position which I have in his Church. He has blessed me—I have the confidence of the people, and many who came here today told me of the work which I have done. It has been my life and my whole energy has been in the work of the Lord.

I am here to night to testify to you that there is a God who made the heavens and the earth. He is the Father of that portion of us called our spirits. The spirit of man is the son or daughter of God just as we are the sons and daughters of our mortal fathers in the flesh. God is almighty. He can be reached by prayer and faith. When we obey him, he will hear our prayers. I exhort you boys and girls—grand-children—I exhort you to do right. Do what is right and stand by it under all circumstances and God will be with you and he will bring you off victorious at last. But if you disobey him, he will not be with you; but will leave you to yourselves and you will go down to darkness and despair. Believe in him, pray to him, keep his commandments and he will be with you to the end of your days as he has been with me. I hope he will be so until life is no more. I have faith that the spirit in my body is the son of God, and when the body has done its work that I shall live and shall be the same person then as I am now and I know that by continuing in faith to the end, I will be with him and the good and just and the pure in heart in his heavenly kingdom.

I testify to you that "Mormonism" is the work of God. He established it and has ever been with it; he is with it today and with all of his servants. He is with the priesthood in guiding and directing

Home of Charles W. Penrose, Farmington, 1861-1864.

the affairs of his Church. You boys and girls attend Sunday School and your Religion Classes and your Primary. Do not do evil; don't associate with those who do evil, but keep close to the Lord and do right. Pray to him in your silent chambers. Pray to him if you are in trouble; pray to him in joy and thank him for his blessings, for every good thing is from him. He is the Author of all good and Satan is the author of that which is evil. Do right—avoid wrong; don't keep bad company. Do not join with the unrighteous but join with the Saints and God will be with you whether in joy or in pain, in every condition, on the land or on the sea, on the hill-top or wherever you may be. He is the God of all things in heaven and on earth and the Father of our spirits. I love you, my dear ones, with all my heart and the best thing I can say to you is to put your trust in the Lord and keep his commandments. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," so Jesus Christ taught, "and all other things will be added unto you." Be willing to keep his commandments. Obey your parents. Rejoice in the Truth; avoid evil as much as you possibly can and the Lord will be with you and in the end you will come together in the celestial kingdom of God and your joy will be eternal.

Now, when I went back to England I wrote that song which Frank has sung so prettily. The other numbers on the program have been so very splendid. I rejoice in your diversions—in your good times together. But I caution you not to do anything wrong. Avoid evil in your play. Cultivate the gift of music and the gift of singing. Learn all you can that is useful.

I hope you will excuse me if I am taking up too much time here —but I want to say these things to you. Don't waste time on things that are only theoretical; learn things that will be of use and valuable to you. The great time to teach things of worth and truth is now at hand. This pedagogy called science—a great deal of time is wasted in studying some things. A great deal of science is true but very much is false, worthless clap trap.

Learn what is right. Learn that which will make you useful, happy, kind, patient and charitable. All these things are from God.

God bless you and may his peace abide with you. I thank my daughter, Lulu and her husband, Brother Walter A. Wallace, for the use of the house in which we have had this splendid entertainment. I thank my children. I thank you all. I pray God to bless you, my dear ones, that his peace will be with you always and his Spirit in your hearts; that you may be kept from want and from sickness; that you will do what is right; that we may finally unite in blessed happiness in the Kingdom of God, with all the good and upright of the earth. I pray peace to be with you all, through Jesus Christ. Amen.

In Memory of President Charles W. Penrose

By George H. Brimhall, *President-Emeritus, Brigham Young University.*

On Monday, May 24, 1925, at the devotional exercise of the Brigham Young University, this poem was a part of a tribute paid to President Penrose, in an address to the student body:

His voice is hushed, his pen is dry,
  His earth-life flag is furled;
But faith is strong and hopes are high—
  His words still move the world.

The songs that owe to him their birth
  We sing as if our own;
In fields of thought that gird the earth,
  We reap where he has sown.

His valiant life, a beacon light
  Upon a mountain peak,
Shines, like a star in cloudless night,
  For strong, and tired, and weak.

To worlds beyond, his spirit flies,
  Swift messenger of truth.
All heights, all depths before it lies,
  With it eternal youth.

PRESIDENT CHARLES W. PENROSE

By Elizabeth Cannon Porter

President Charles W. Penrose, a born newspaper man, with over thirty years' experience knew instinctively where news was. In the last year of his service at his office he gave me many "tips" in connection with my news gathering for the *Deseret News*.

Although he was 92 years of age the fires of life still burned brightly, for he eagerly wanted to know what was going on.

A friend of women, he told us that he had first introduced the measure permitting women to hold public office in Utah. This did not go into effect at that time, however, but succeeded later.

One stormy morning he told of composing the hymn, "Blow gently, ye wild winds." [See his own account in this number of the *Era*—Ed.]

In his trip across the plains the hoofs of his oxen became sore. He made the draft animals leather shoes which he fastened on their feet, for lame oxen meant disaster to the emigrants.

He was keenly aware of the day's news. Once he commented on a woman who stood high in the ranks of the Republican party. Another time he praised the sheriff of Salt Lake county. On hearing of the death of the late John W. Young he said: "He had a way with women." He told how he went with him to visit an Englishwoman:

"She served us Cambric tea. Do you know what that is?" When I admitted my ignorance, he explained: "It is sugar and hot water."

President Penrose had a temper, which he controlled. He was amenable to counsel.

One morning I said to him: "President Penrose, you arrive like a king!" for so it seemed to me. He drove up in a glittering limousine with a member of the Church Offices at the wheel. One of his sons helped him to alight. Sister Bertha Irvine, always his friend, was ready with his mail.

"H'mph," said he, "we had to stop at a garage for repairs."

The mahogany and brown room in the northwest corner of the Church Offices must seem lonely without him!

Los Angeles, California.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL FINDS IN ARIZONA

By J. M. Sjodahl

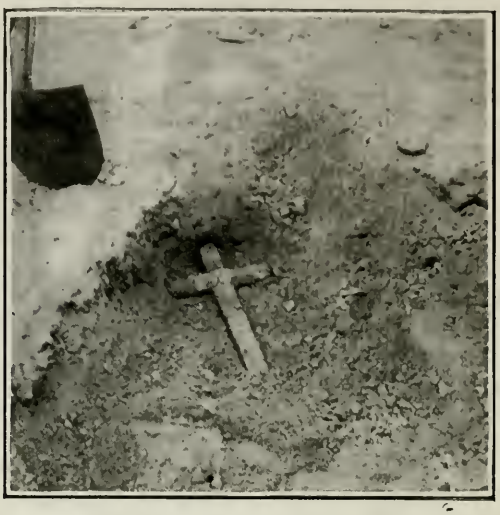
According to accounts in the possession of President Anthony W. Ivins, a number of interesting antique objects have been discovered during the last few months, near Tucson, Arizona, by a gentleman named Thomas W. Bent and a friend of his by the name of C. E. Manier.

It appears from the correspondence, which President Ivins has courteously placed at the disposition of the *Era*, that the gentlemen mentioned, during the latter part of September, last year, happened to discover some metal plates, formed in the shape of a cross, and containing quite legible inscriptions. Afterwards more crosses and other objects, it is said, were unearthed in the same locality.

It is not my intention at this time to discuss the evidence for or against the genuineness of the articles in question. That must be left till the results of further investigations shall have been made known, and to abler pens than mine. But the story of the finds may already now be told and a brief description of some of the objects given, as a matter of interest to the readers of the *Era*.

On September 13, 1924, according to Mr. Bent's account, so we are told, Mr. Bent and a party, while passing, in a car, some lime kilns six and a half miles from Tucson, stopped, at the suggestion of Mr. Manier's father, to investigate the kiln, and while doing so, discovered an odd looking object protruding about two inches out of the side of the hill in which the lime kiln was built, and on striking it with a small pick which he usually carried in his car, he noted that it had a metallic sound. His interest was aroused and he proceeded to excavate the object, and on uncovering it, found it to be a cross of metal about 17½ inches long by 12 inches wide. He took the cross home with him, and on washing it thoroughly, found it to be made of lead, silver and copper. A neighbor, Mr. D. M. Bruce, of 938 Penn Place, Tucson, Arizona, who was present at the time, noticed that it had a crack in it, and on further investigation, it was discovered that the cross was made in two parts, and had been sealed together with a preparation which had the appearance of being a substance similar to beeswax; however, it was not in fact, beeswax. The two halves of the cross were fastened together with lead rivets, and together weighed about 90 pounds. The cross was roughly made, having the appearance of being moulded in the rough ground, and on the inner surfaces of the two parts, there was an inscription. Mr. Manier at first thought the inscription to be in Spanish, and called Mrs. Kennison, the wife of Professor Kennison, of the University of Arizona, who lives close by, to look at the inscription, and if possible,

to translate what he thought was Spanish. Mrs. Kennison, on seeing the inscription, noted that it was in Latin, and so Mr. Manier immediately took the cross to Professor Fowler, of the University of

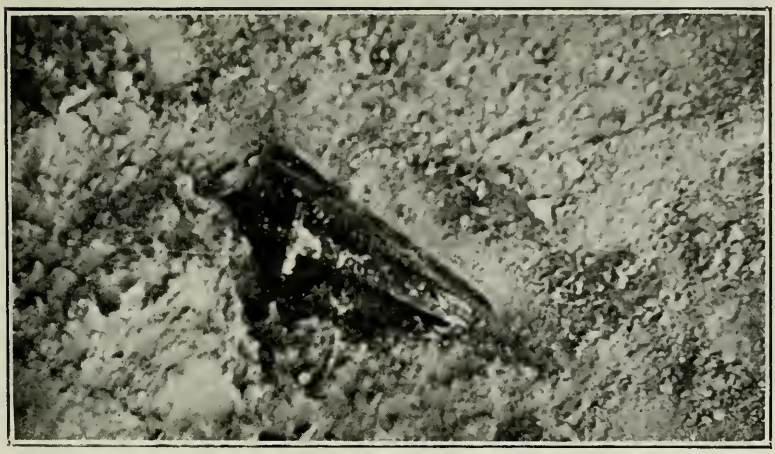


First Cross Found.

Arizona, at the suggestion of Mrs. Kennison, to have the inscription translated. The cross was buried in a partly excavated hill and was about 95 inches below the surface, in a caliche formation. Starting at the surface, the composition of the strata of earth were as follows: On top, about thirty inches of piled-up loose rock and dirt, and below this, about 29 inches of virgin, undisturbed soil, while the next stratum consisted of about thirty-six inches of loose caliche, and below this was a stratum of solid caliche. The cross was found in the loose caliche well down toward the solid caliche.

Two days following the day on which the cross was found, a party from the University conducted some excavating at the same place, and found a piece of flat caliche about twelve inches across, on which was contained some inscription, together with two heads.

The second cross was found by Mr. Bent on November 28, 1924, about a foot and one half further into the side of the hill from the first one, and about the same distance to the left of the first cross. This cross was brought to light under the following circumstances: Manier, after discovering the first cross, talked the matter over with Bent, and although the University of Arizona had done some excavating and brought nothing to light except the piece of caliche, Mr. Bent felt that there must be something else of interest buried at the place where the first cross was found, and convinced Manier that it would be well worth while to excavate further and this was done,



This is the latest sword found. The white spots are what appear to be lime or caliche that has cemented to the metal.

with the result that a second cross was found in the same stratum of loose caliche formation and at the same depth as the first. This cross was dug out by Mr. Bent and it was much smaller than the first, weighing only about 25 pounds, but in all other respects, was similar to the first in shape, and the inscription was written in Latin. The metal composition was different from the first, in that this cross contained only lead and silver.

The third cross, which consisted of only one side and appeared to have not been completed, was found by Manier while he and Bent were excavating on November 30, 1924, and was about three feet in the hillside, being at the same level as the first and second crosses, and in the same stratum of caliche. This cross was about thirty inches to the right of the first cross. This cross was not completed and contained very little inscription, and weighed about 10 pounds.

The fourth cross was found about four feet in the hillside and about three feet to the left of the first. This cross was found by one of several Mexican laborers who had been hired by Manier and Bent to do the excavating. It was at the same depth as the others, and was an exact counterpart of the cross found by Bent, except as to the inscription. It contained more inscription than any of the others and tells a more complete story. This cross was found December 5, 1924, and weighed about 25 pounds, being of the same composition as the second cross.

The fifth and sixth crosses were found on January 24, 1925, and there were present at the time Professor Rupert, of the University of Arizona, Tucson, Arizona; Mr. Eli Abegg, of Fort Lowell, Arizona; Mr. T. W. Bent, Mr. C. E. Manier, and four Mexican laborers names not known.

Date on this is 560 A. D. 62 inches under surface in solid caliche.

The two crosses were about 8 inches below the level at which the other four were found, one of them being about five feet in the side of the hill from the first cross found and the other about seven feet both of them being almost directly behind the first cross. They were both the same shape as the others, one weighing about 30 pounds and the other about 20 pounds, the metal composition being the same as that of the second, third, and fourth crosses. There was very little inscription on these two. However, they contained many figures of heads and one one of them was a temple with a large E a couple of inches in front of it, and above the temple is what appears to be the sun. There are many hieroglyphs on these two crosses.

Mr. E. Abegg, in a letter to President Ivins, supplements this account with the information that the lime kilns were built 42 years ago, and that, according to rumor, an ancient sword was found there on a previous occasion; also, that Mexican laborers claim that crosses similar to those now unearthed are found in Mexico, 90 miles from Tucson—a statement which, if true, is of considerable interest.

INSCRIPTIONS

REGNAVIT. POPULORVM. BENIAMINVS. AD. SEINE.
ROMAM. VENERVNT. GALLORVM. FORTISSIMI.
VENIT. POPVLI. AVXILIO. VRBI. FVNDAMENTA. IACERE.
MVRVM. VRBI. CIRCVMDEDIT. HOSTIBVS. RESISTERE.
INGENS. VIRIVM. BENIAMINVS. MVLTITVDINEM. RELIGION
IS. IMPLEVIT. OCCISVS. EST. ATHEBANS. HOC. AVDIVI.
DE. PARENTE. MEO. ANNIS. QVINGENTIS. POST. POST.
MONTEM. IN. MEMORAM. PATRIS. IOSEPHVS.

A. D. DCCCLXXX. ISRAEL. TERTIVS. CVM. TOLTEZVS.
LIBERASSET.
EXPVLSVS EST. PRIMVS. MOREM. SOLVIT. TERRA. TER-
MIT.
MORTALIA. CORDA. STRAVIT. PAVOR. ANNO. TERTIO.
POSTQVAM.

PROFVGERAT. SE. IN. VRBE. RECEPERVNT. MVRISQUE. SE. TENEBANT.
HOMINEM. MORTVVM. IN. VRBE. NE. SEPELITO. VEVE. VRITO.
ANTE. VRBE. PLANITIES. PATEBAT. COLLES. VRBE. CING EBANT.
CENTVM. ANNI. SVNT. CVM. REX. FVIT. IACOBVS.
IACOBVS. IN. PRIMA. ACTE. VERSARI. OMNIA. PROVI-DERE.
MVLTEM. IPSE. PVGNARE. SAEPE. HOSTEM. FERIRE.
ISRAEL. SACERDOTIBVS. CREANDIS. ANIMVM. ADIECIT.
NOBIS. VITA. EST. POPVLIS. LATE. REGEM.

OL.

A. D. DCCCXCV. TERRA. INCOGNITA.
VTINAM. CONATA. EFFICERE. POSSIM. REGI. SERVIRE.
INCERTVM. EST. QVAM. LONGA. VITA. FVTVRA. SIT.
MVLTA. SVNT. QVAE. DICI. POSSVNT.
FLAGRANTI. BELLO. CAESI. SVNT. TRIA .MILIA.
DVX. CVM. PRINCIPIBVS. CAPIVNTVR. NIHIL.
ALIVD. NISI. PAX. QVAESITA. EST. DEVS. OMNIA.
CONSTITVIT.

OL.

Suggested Translation of these inscriptions

Benjamin governed the people. To Seine Roma they came of the Gauls the bravest. Came to the aid of the people, to lay the foundations of a city. He surrounded the city with a wall, to resist the enemies. Benjamin, mighty among men, imparted of religion to the multitude, is slain by Thebans. This I heard from my parent 500 years afterwards—after the Mountain.

In memoriam Father Josephus.

A. D. 880. Israel III, with Toltesus he had liberated, the first to break the custom. The earth trembles. Fear overwhelms mortal hearts after he had fled. They betook themselves into the city and kept themselves within the walls. Dead people in the city they neither buried nor incinerated. Before the city there was a plain. Hills surrounded the city. A hundred are the years Jacobus was with the king. Jacobus in his first act reversed all things, provided much, himself often fought the enemy. Israel gave his mind to the creation of priests. Life is ours, a people of wide rule.

O. L.

A. D. 895. Land unknown. O that I could succeed in my attempts to serve the king. It is uncertain how long my future life may be. Many things could be said. In the raging war 3,000 are slain. General with princes are captured. Nothing but peace is sought. God has disposed of everything.

O. L.

Notes

(1) It will be noted that some of the names in the inscriptions are Bible names, in their Latin form, such as Joseph, Benjamin, Jacob, Israel, and even Paul and Peter, and not the Spanish form of the names. There are no such names, for instance, as Jose, Benjaminito, Jaime, Pablo, Pedro, etc. Assuming, for the sake of the argument, the genuineness of the finds, the form of the names would suggest the probability that they did not belong to any one connected with

the Spanish conquistadores that followed in the wake of Columbus after the year 1492.

(2) The familiar letters A. D. prove that the authors of the inscriptions, and in all probability the original owners of the supposedly genuine relics, made use of the Christian chronology for the annotation of dates. But this system of chronology, the books tell us, was first proposed by the Scythian monk Dionysius Exiguus in the year A. D. 527, who fixed the first year of the new era, that is the year of the nativitity, at 753 years after the foundation of Rome. But the proposition of Dionysius was not accepted everywhere at once. Italy was the first to adopt the change. Among the Anglo-Saxons it came into use early, as appears from the charters issued in the seventh century. It became quite general after the year 1000, but in Spain it was not generally adopted before the middle of the 14th century. These facts, again assuming that the finds are genuine, would prove that they belong to some time after the 6th century, and if the dates recorded are correct they are not of Spanish origin, nor, probably, of French.

(3) One of the dates recorded, if I have interpreted the expression *post mortem* correctly, seems to refer to some epoch-making event connected with some hill or mountain. What that event was cannot even be profitably conjectured. If, however, it should be assumed that it might refer to the hill Cumorah and the last battle between the Lamanites and Nephites, in the year A. D. 385; if we should assume that the story of that terrible conflict lived in tradition as an epoch from which to count dates, as the exodus, the founding of Rome, the beginning of the Olympian games, the birth of our Savior, the hegira of Mohammed, etc., then the dates noted, A. D. 880 and 895, said to be 500 years "after the mountain," presents an extraordinary coincidence with the chronology of the Book of Mormon.

Traditions

Are there any records, or even traditions, relating to the communication between Europe and America before Columbus?

Mr. Bancroft tells us that there is in old Welsh annals an account of a voyage made in the latter part of the 12th century by one Madoc, or Madog, across the great deep. His brothers quarreled about the succession after their father, a prince of north Wales, and Madoc left them and went in search for a place where he could live in peace. He came, finally, safely to America. After a time he, according to the accounts, returned to Wales, but only in order to lead a company of emigrants out to the new land. He fitted out ten ships, and many of his countrymen, well supplied with provisions, went with him. In a foot note Mr. Brancroft quotes Baldwin as follows: "All this is related in old Welsh annals preserved in the abbeys of Conway and Strat Flur. * * * This emigration of Prince Madog is mentioned in the preserved works of several Welsh bards who lived

before the time of Columbus. It is mentioned by Hakluyt, who has his account of it from writings of the bard Guutun Owen."

The voyage of Leif Ericson and other Icelanders of Scandinavian descent to Greenland and North America in the 11th century are so well established that even Mr. John Fiske, who is not suffering from credulity, says: "But when we come to the voyages of the Northmen in the 10th and 11th centuries, it is quite a different affair. Not only is this a subject of much historic interest, but in dealing with it, we stand for a great part of the time upon firm historic ground. The narratives which tell us of Vinland and of Leif Ericson are closely intertwined with the authentic history of Norway and Iceland."

These voyages belong to history. But neither of them can easily be connected up with the finds in Arizona, if the dates A. D. 880 and 895 are correct.

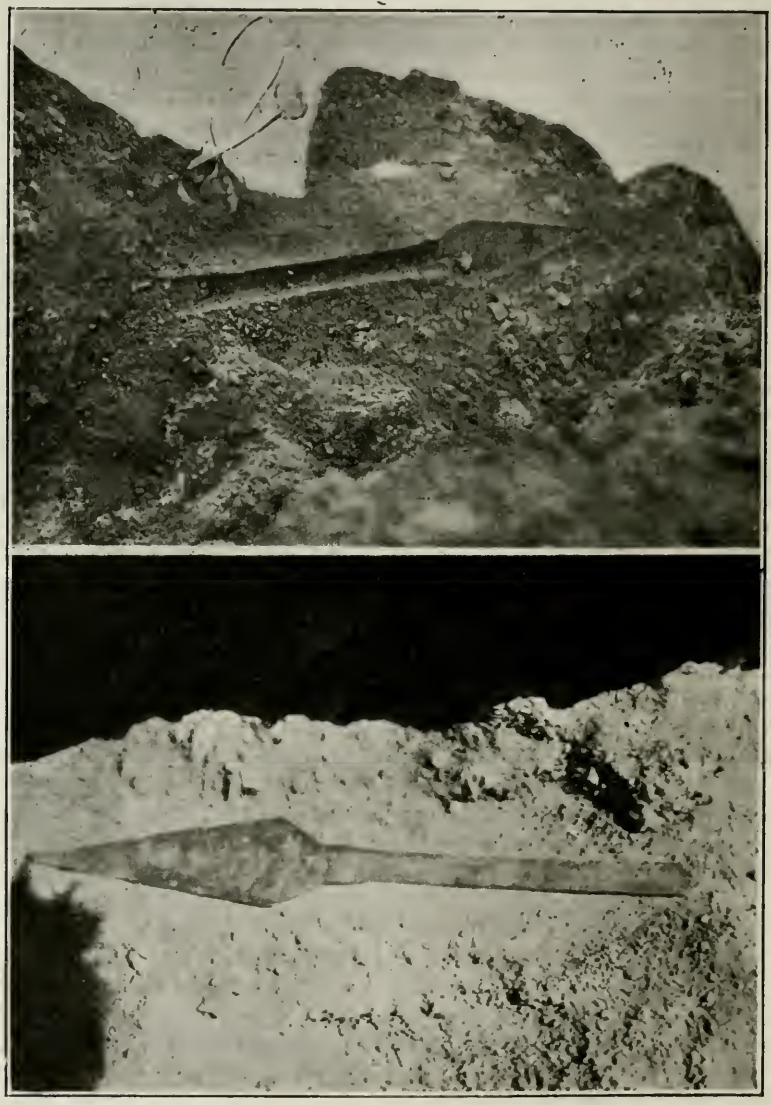
Tradition has it, however, that previous to the Welsh and Scandinavian explorations, there was a country on this continent known as "The White Man's Land," and that this was also called "Greater Ireland." Professor Rafn, the Danish historian, expressed the opinion that this country was situated to the south of Chesapeak Bay and included North and South Carolina, Georgia and East Florida. Just how much historical evidence there is in support of this tradition I do not know. But it is asserted that the Northmen learned from the Indians that there was a "White Man's Land" to the south, and that the Shawnee Indians still have a tradition that "Florida was once inhabited by white men, who had iron implements." (*The Norse Discovery of America*, by Rasmus B. Anderson, p. 278.) The Northmen, who called this country "Greater Ireland," must have done so, because they had reason to believe that it had received settlers from Ireland, in the early days, which is by no means impossible, or even improbable. When the Northmen in the beginning of 11th century mention this Greater Ireland, they refer to it as a country not newly discovered but long known among the Indians, and this fact would rather favor the supposition that the finds in Arizona may have belonged to people descended from, or in some way connected with, the Irish colonists, who, in course of time may have penetrated to the interior of the continent. But all this is, on the supposition that the finds are genuine.

Further Discoveries

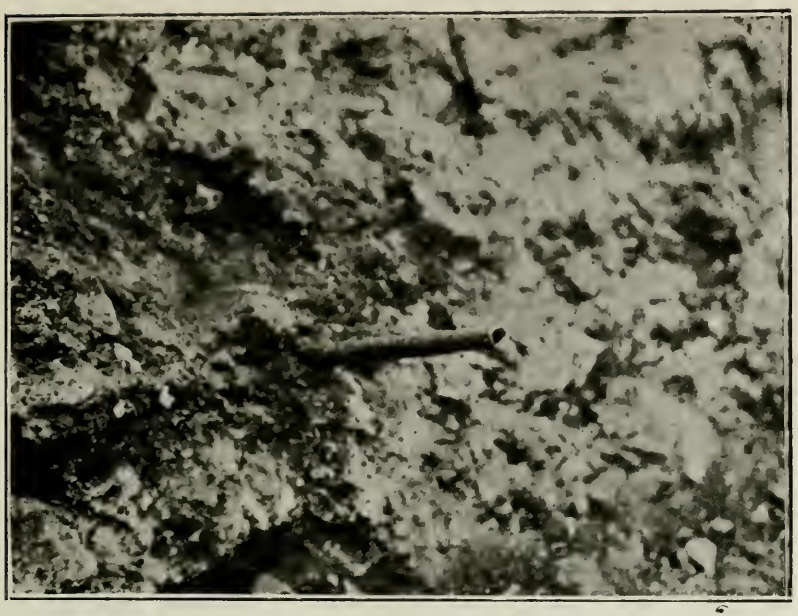
Since this first discovery, others have been made. On March 4, this year, a spear point was dug out in the presence and under the direction of scientists. Among these were Dr. Thomas S. Lovering of the geological department of the University; Dr. C. Sarle, A. Douglass, Mr. Bent and others. The spear point was 8 or 9 inches long and 2½ wide.

It was the opinion of those present that this object was not put in recently, but that it had been there a long period of years. It was

hard to explain the fresh scratches on the under side of the spear-head. Those scratches were not made in the last few minutes of excavation. The surface of the implement shows oxidation far older than these fresh scratches. The scratches seem to have been made by movement upon the little stones underneath. It was thought possible



Top: Imprint left in the ground after the spear was taken out
Bottom: The last spear found.



Spear point just before it was completely uncovered. This is the first one found, referred to in Dr. Douglas' statement as the "pipe."

that this might have been done by an accidental blow just before the object was discovered. It is possible that it could have been done by slipping of the layers of earth overhead, perhaps at the time of building of the lime kilns.

"My original opinion last September," says Mr. Douglass, "of the first cross was that it had been put there in recent years, perhaps with a view to supporting some religious claims. I had not then seen one taken from its original location in undisturbed ground. The excavation of March 4th, in the presence of so many witnesses and with so many photographs and with all the care that all the various persons present could suggest makes it extraordinarily difficult for me to see any modern origin for these lead articles.

"The articles now obtained from this locality comprise:

One large lead double cross.
Three small lead crosses, two of them double.
Two small crosses obtained the day Mr. Ruppert was assisting.
A sword obtained a few weeks ago. 17 5/8 inches long.
The spear found March 4th, 18 inches long."

Since the foregoing was written, two more swords and two spear points have been unearthed. Mr. Abegg, who sends this report to President Ivins, adds: "If I were called upon to make a statement as to whether or not they were genuine, I should certainly say that they were."

Still later, Mr. Abegg writes: "There seems to be no end to the articles being found by Messrs. Bent and Manier. On Sunday, April 5, another sword and an article shown in the picture (an object resembling a spade) were found."

THE HERITAGE AND PROMISE

By John Henry Evans
Author of *One Hundred Years of Mormonism.*

Part III

That servant, which knew his lord's will, and prepared not himself, neither did according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes. But he that knew not, and did commit things worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with few stripes. For unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required: and to whom men have committed much, of him they will ask the more.—Jesus.

I

Perhaps no one is responsible for his ancestors. He did not choose them so far as he knows. He had nothing to do with their manner of life, whatever that may have been. So, too, in the matter of his early environment. He did not shape it this way or that. All he has been able to do is grow up in what he was thrust into.

But even with the best blood in his veins and with wholesome instruction and training, there may still be something lacking. A young man cannot unctuously contemplate the stock he has come from and the teachings he has been brought up under, and hope to get anywhere simply because of these. This has been tried over and over again from the beginning of time but with indifferent results. He must do something for himself. Ancestry and training furnish a good beginning, but only a beginning, a foundation. These taken for granted, the future is largely in his own hands. It is to a certain extent within his control. What he makes of himself from now on, within certain limits, depends on his educated will.

One thing a young "Mormon," of whichever sex, must always keep in mind—he will constantly be in the eyes of the world. These eyes may be watching him in sympathy, as in the case of his friends and the friends of his people; or in antipathy, as in the case of those who are unfriendly to his religion; or in criticism that is neither friendly nor unfriendly, as of one who is merely waiting to make up his mind in the matter.

Tolstoi, the great Russian novelist and thinker on socialistic lines, once when he was asked what he thought about "Mormonism," is reported to have answered that there had not been sufficient time allowed to be sure how it would turn out, and advised waiting a few generations. There are a great many persons in the world with this same attitude of mind, thoughtful persons who are anxiously looking for something that promises to help the race along a very difficult path.

To the class of friendly observers belongs the late Senator Knox, whose view we quoted in the first section of this treatise. He saw clearly the direction in which observance of the Word of Wisdom would lead any people, in all its implications. And he expressed the hope, which he admitted rested on rather precarious ground, that the

young "Mormons" might follow their light to the end and not fall into the ways of those whose lamp was dim.

And, lastly, there are those, both within and without the Church, who are watching anxiously, prayerfully, the outcome of each new crop of "Utah's best," believing confidently that in the end it means an advance in each generation over its predecessor. Such a one is the man, a Latter-day Saint, we heard of the other day, a man now on the other side of the hill. "Son," he said to his maturing boy, whom he loved as the apple of his eye, "my father was a good man, the best I ever knew. But he had small opportunities, although he made the most of them, I believe. I have tried all my life to be as good a man as my father. I have had better opportunities than he had, and I believe I have availed myself of them. You are the third generation. Your chances in life are brighter than mine were at your age. Make

DO SOMETHING

"A young man cannot sit down and unctuously contemplate the stock he has come from and the teachings he has been brought up under, and hope to get anywhere simply because of these. This has been tried over and over again from the beginning of time with but indifferent results. He must do something for himself."

good. Be a better and a bigger man than I have been. Carry the torch a little farther on than I have been able to, just as I have carried it farther than my father did." This is the spirit of an old war-horse, with the scent of battle in his distended nostrils.

The effect of living or not living up to one's standards has an awkward way of cropping out sometimes.

Not long ago a young man asked a large employer of labor for a job. In answer to questions he gave out the information that he was twenty-three, that he was married, and that he had had some experience in the line of manual labor asked for.

"Are you a 'Mormon?' "

"Yes, sir."

There was no place for him.

Presently another young man came up in search of work. He was asked the same questions, including the one about his religion. He was about the same age, was also married, and appeared to be a good workman. But he was a non-"Mormon." He was given a job.

A by-stander, an educator in a Church school, said to the employer, "Don't you hire 'Mormons' here?"

"Yes," was the reply, "but not 'Mormons' who smoke."

"But how do you know that first man smokes? You didn't ask him. The other man had a cigarette in his hand, didn't he?"

"I didn't need to ask the first one whether he smoked. The yellow on his fingers betrayed the yellow on his inside."

The teacher could not understand.

"You see, it's this way," the employer explained, "it's a question of standards. The first one's standard was higher, but he didn't live up to it. The other has no standard, so far as tobacco is concerned. Any young man who will take his sweetheart to the temple and then come out and break the vows he took there—I wouldn't have such a man handling a shovel for me."

Another story is to the same point.

It is of a shrewd railroad owner. Making the statement one day that he never employed, if he knew it, a returned Mormon" missionary who smoked, he was asked why he drew the line at a returned missionary. He made this answer:

"Any man who is deemed worthy to fill a mission for the 'Mormon' Church, has gone through a certain form of religious education. He has been reared in a good home, he has probably gone to the "Mormon" Sunday schools, and has attended Church. In all these places special stress has been placed on the effects or using tobacco, which must not be used under any circumstances. Then that man goes on a mission and teaches others not to use the weed in any form. Well now, if a man, after having been taught this more perhaps than any thing else, goes back on this teaching, I simply won't trust him in any department of my business, that is all. That may be a wedge opening to something else. You can never tell. And I cannot take that chance."

Then again, every Latter-day Saint, whether or not he holds a position of responsibility in his Church, is a representative of his people. In the eyes of men he stands for a community, and oftentimes the whole "Mormon" Church is judged by the actions of a single individual. This, of course, is unfair. But it is done through a persistent trait in human character to pick out a concrete instance rather than to think its way through to an abstract truth.

Two cases will illustrate this.

A representative of a large publishing house in New York spent several months in Utah, chiefly among the "Mormons." One time, before this representative left the State, a "Mormon" asked him what his opinion of the Saints was.

"Well," he said, "one thing that has impressed me is the honesty of your people."

"How did you get this impression?" he was asked.

"In this way," was the reply. "Only the other day I was given fifty cents by another bookman, whom I knew. 'This belongs to you,' he said. And then I asked him for an explanation.

" 'Weren't you at such-and-such a place last month?'

" 'I was,' I said.

" 'And didn't you stop at such-and-such a hotel, kept by so-and-so?'

" 'Yes, I did, and I thought she had overcharged me, but I didn't say anything, partly because I wasn't sure and partly because I was in a hurry to catch my train.'

" 'Well, she discovered it as soon as you left. When I came on the scene, and she saw that I was in the same business, she asked me whether, if I knew you and would be likely to see you again, I would please hand you this fifty cents.'

"Now, fifty cents isn't much, you know. But this time it's more than half a dollar. It's character. And that's how I know your people are honest."

The other instance concerns swearing.

A company of tourists was going through the National Park. It was in the days of the wagon and horses, and hired drivers. One of these was a "Mormon," who had taken his part of the company, along with the other drivers, from the railway station and into the Park. It rained a good deal, and the teams had sometimes to be doubled. Profanity, the picturesque variety of the old West, was much in evidence.

One of the party was a professor of a large university. He had been observing closely, especially the profanity, which offended his New England conscience. Among other things, he had noticed that one of the teamsters had not taken an oath from the time of starting to the end. And he was curious to know the reason. So he questioned the young man as to the reason.

"I'm a 'Mormon,' sir," was the simple explanation.

And that was explanation enough to the professor. Wherever he went after that the college man represented the "Mormons" as a non-swearing community.

So that a Latter-day Saint carries a double responsibility—one of his own, and another his people's.

(To be continued)

To President Charles W. Penrose

On his Ninetieth Anniversary, February 4, 1922.

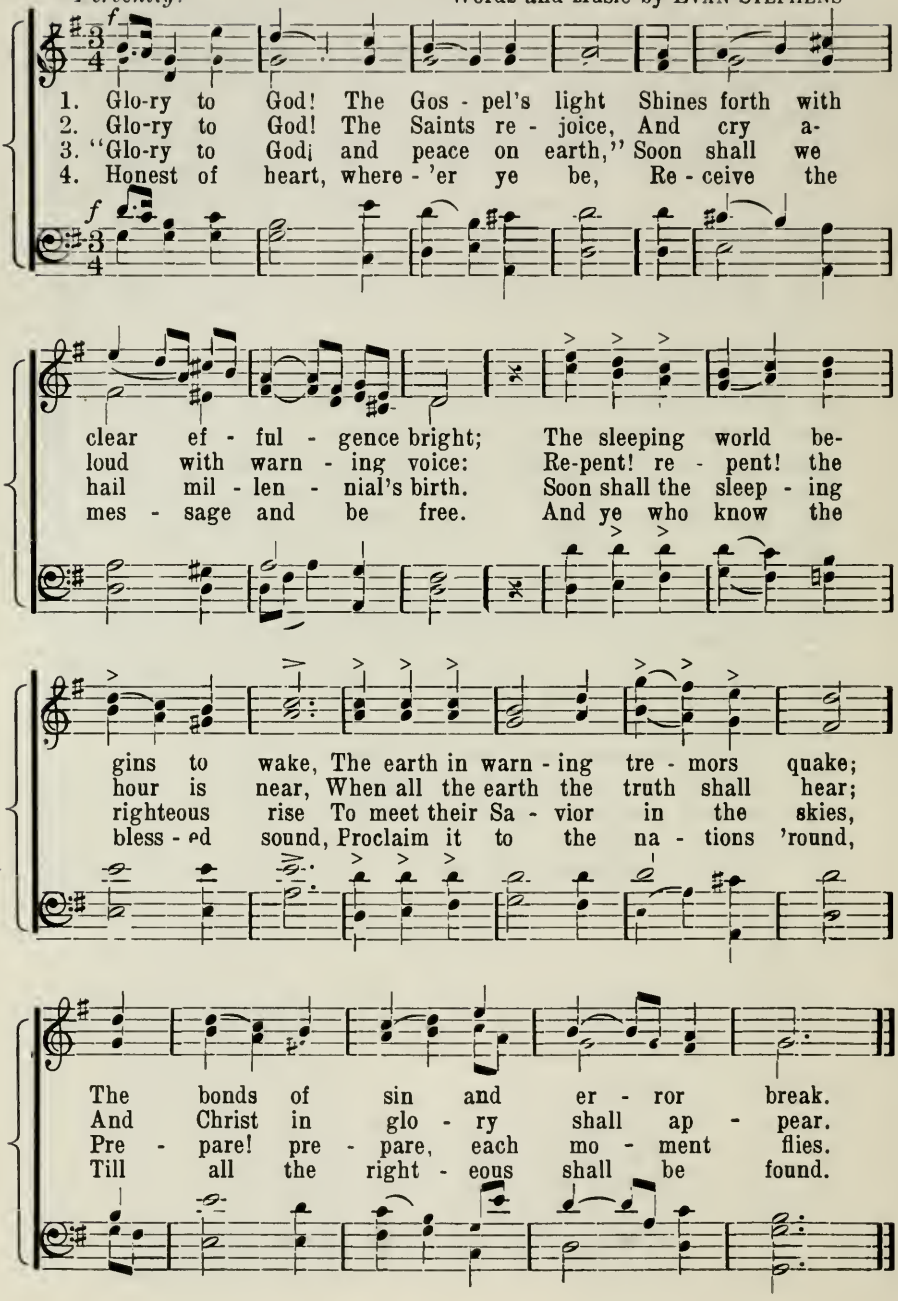
Whatever else thy tongue and pen,
Or life hath wrought to uplift men,
The stream of song that from thy soul
Gushed forth, shall never cease to roll;
And countless millions will rejoice
And praise thy name with harp and voice.

GEO. H. BRIMHALL.

GLORY TO GOD

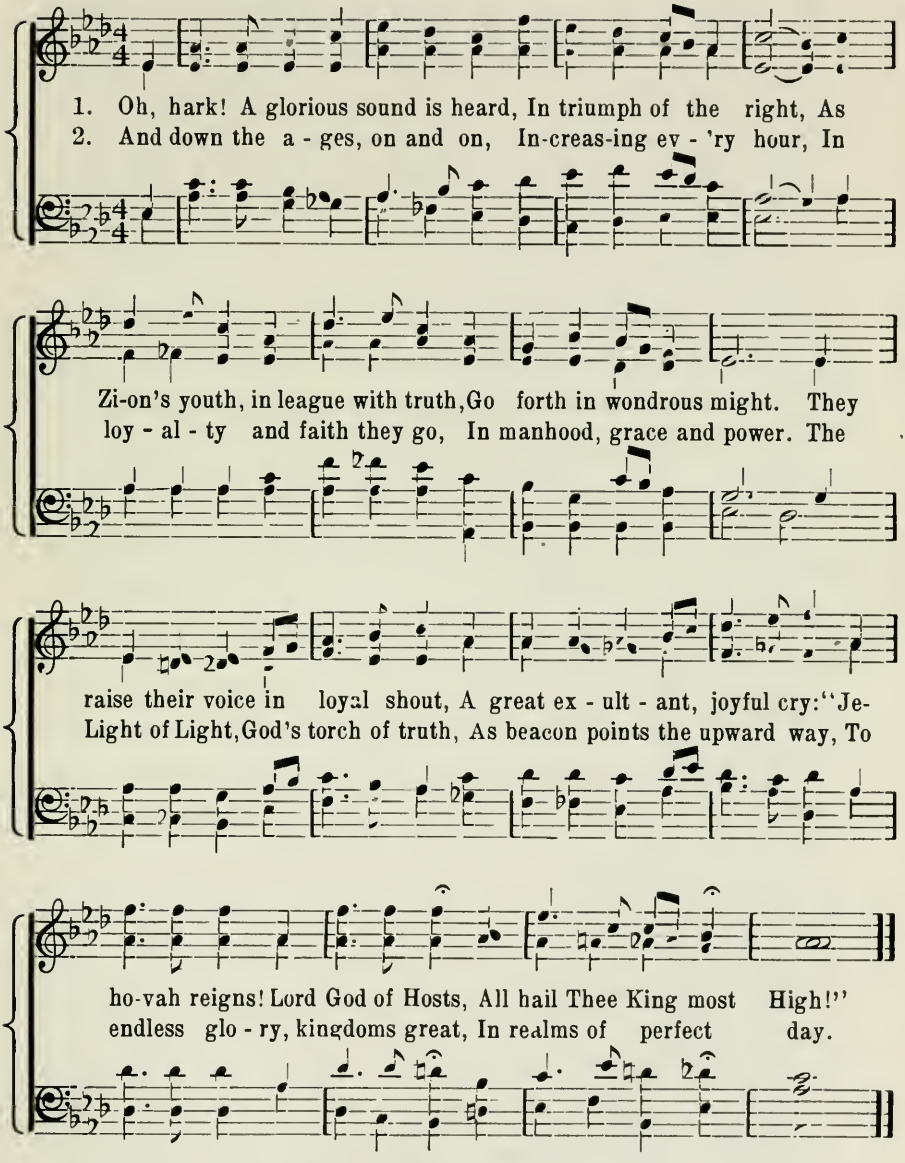
Improvement Era, Prize Jubilee Hymn.

Fervently. Words and Music by EVAN STEPHENS



OH HARK! A GLORIOUS SOUND IS HEARD

Words by W. O. ROBINSON. Music by B. C. GATES.



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WHAT THEY SAY

A Collection of Sentiments on the Value of the Y. M. M. I. A.

The figures indicate the number of years a member; h. p., high priest; and h. c., high councilor.

It is a great help and inspiration.— *Zadok K. Judd, Jr.*, h. p., Kanab, 40.

It has been a great benefit to me.—*Richard G. Layton*, h. c., St. Joseph, 49.

The M. I. A. has done everything for me.—*J. L. Ballif, Jr.*, h. c., Fremont, 35

I think, "once a member, always a member."—*W. O. Ridges*, h. c., Mt. Ogden, 47.

My greatest joy comes from lessons learned in Y. M. M. I. A.—*Bp. F. Earl Case*, 25.

Of the greatest pleasure, giving me faith in the Church.—*J. C. Hawley*, h. c., Desert, 30.

It was the starting of my activity in the gospel work.—*S. F. Taylor*, h. c., Grant, 27.

It has been one of the guiding factors for a better life.—*L. A. Nielson*, h. c., Kolob, 30.

It has been the greatest source of education I have had.—*F. F. Salmon*, h. c., Taylor, 34.

It has given me spiritual, educational and social development.—*H. T. Jacobs*, h. c., Burley, 12.

Wonderful help and the source of a lot of information.—*Philip Quayle*, h. c. Box Elder, 27.

It is an excellent organization. I am a life member.—*Wm. Ellsworth*, h. c., St. Joseph, 35.

It was my initiation into public work and an inspiration to me.—*James Nielsen*, h c., Teton, 35.

I am spiritually bigger and better through having been a member.—*Wm. T. Tew*, h. c., Kolob, 45.

I was a member of the General Board Y. M. M. I. A. about ten or fifteen years. —*Rudger Clawson.*

It is where I learned to give a lecture and to open and dismiss meetings.—*Bp. Lucius B. Whiting*, 32.

Intellectual, spiritual and social developer. It has made the road ahead clearer.— *D. H. Major*, h. c., 30.

I have learned some of the best things I know in M. I. A. work.—*Hyrum Oakey*, patriarch, Montpelier, 45.

It has strengthened my character and given me very valuable experience.—*Paul P. Ashworth*, h. c., Grant, 24.

It might have been of the greatest value if I had followed it persistently.—*Heber M. Wells*, h. p., Ensign, 10.

I am a better Latter-day Saint than I should have been had I not joined.— *Samuel Humphries*, h. c., 49.

It helped build me up spiritually and gave me additional moral strength.—*Tracy Y. Cannon*, h. p., Pioneer, 5.

It has been educational and a stimulus to higher ideals in life.—*A. Rowley Babcock*, h. c., Lost River, 18.

With the lessons and experience I am better fitted for the duties of life.—*Bp. W. Heber Wilde*, Coalville, 18.

It has furnished me a training that I could not have gotten anywhere else.—*Bp. William B. Stapley*, Castledale, 20.

A medium through which I was aided in that greatest of achievements: "Man know thyself."—*Robert S. Campbell.*

I still find as much to learn and as much pleasure in M. I. A. as at first.—*Owen Bennion,* stake president, Duchesne, 40.

It has been of lasting benefit to me and of assistance in my present calling.—*Bishop C. H. Peterson,* Star Valley, 25.

My first real lessons in Church history were learned in the Y. M. M. I. A.—*Elmer F. Taylor,* stake president, Young, 38.

It has been a fruitful source of information and a strong influence for good.—*David W. Cummings,* h. c., Los Angeles, 10.

It has given me an opportunity for self-improvement unparalleled by any other Church activity.—*Seth Pixton,* h. c., Grant, 26.

It has been a support and school of learning which has helped me to improve each year.—*Wm. B. Lake h. c.,* San Juan, 33.

It has always been of great worth in keeping before me correct ideals.—*Lewis Telle Cannon,* General Board member, Ensign, 39.

It inspired a desire to live a clean life and to devote myself to a life of service.—*Peter M. Hansen,* stake president, Bear River, 50.

It has been the main source of my education and affored me training for public work.—*J. Henry Thompson,* h. c., Raft River, 15.

It has been the main source of my education and afforded me training for public work.—*J. Henry Thompson,* h. c., Raft River, 15.

It has given me personal confidence, inspired faith, and helped me realize and cope with life's problems.—*John M. Belnap,* h. c., Weber, 10.

It has been a vital factor in my life's training, spiritually and physically.—*James H. Anderson,* General Board Y. M. M. I. A., 50.

The lessons learned in the M. I. A. have been of great value to me all through my life.—*Bp. William Wood,* 24th ward, Salt Lake, 48.

It has been a stimulant and prompted me to "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness."—*Henry Moyle,* patriarch, Alpine, 30.

It has increased my faith, affording me opportunity for development, and helped to keep me morally straight.—*Millroy Twitchell,* h. c., Garfield, 15.

It has been one of the greatest factors in teaching me the gospel and instilling in me a testimony of its truth.— *Arthur McKinnon,* h. c., Woodruff, 31.

It has been the greatest stimulus of my life and a guide of my soul and has helped me to resist when being sorely tried.—*Bp. Joseph Orr,* St. Anthony, 32.

Service is the surest and most profitable way to development, and as I have gained in service so have I gained in development.—*Brigham S. Young,* Ensign, 50.

It has furnished me my chief Church activity as ward member, secretary, president, stake superintendent and General Board member.—Geo. *Q. Morris,* Ensign Stake, 35.

It gave me a bigger insight into the purposes of life and helped make me more sociable and free with my associates.— *Bp. Thos, B. Child,* 10th ward, Liberty, 22.

I have been much benefited by reading *The Contributor* in my early youth, the *Era* in later years and in attending meetings nearly all my life.—*Charles P. Anderson,* h. c., St. Johns, 48.

It found me. It blessed me. It gave me opportunity for my best work and has graciously rewarded me with my greatest joys.—*Oscar A. Kirkham,* executive director Y. M. M. I. A., 33.

Furnished incentive to effort, helped to keep ideals high, rightly interpreted life's problems and assisted in their solution; and inculcated faith in the gospel.—*Timothy C. Hoyt,* h. c., Snowflake, 36.

(*Others to follow in future numbers of the Era.*)

Back row: Scott W. Anderson, Robert L. Anderson, James Purdy. Front: James H. Wallis, Henry H. Rolapp. Insert: Edmund Halliday.

FIRST Y. M. M. I. A. IN ENGLAND

By James H. Wallis

These facts concerning the organization of the first Y. M .M. I. A. in England are taken from the records kept at that time by Robert L. Anderson, eldest son of Scott Anderson, President of the Liverpool branch, and well known to the English Saints forty-six years ago, and who, with his family, emigrated to Salt Lake City, shortly afterwards, where he and his sons engaged in sign writing and billposting. A copy of these records was made in 1881, for James H. Wallis, by Scott Wm. Anderson, another son of Scott Anderson, and well known as manager of the Utah Bill Posting Co. From this copy was taken the following data:

"At the suggestion of Elder Wm. Budge, president of the European mission, the young men in the Liverpool branch, on July 27, 1879, met on Crosby Sands, Waterloo, near Liverpool, and organized the first Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association in Great Britain. The following officers were eelcted; President, James H. Wallis; first counselor, Edmund Halliday;

second counselor, Scott Wm. Anderson; secretary, Robert L. Anderson; treasurer, Scott Wm. Anderson.

"Regular meetings were held, and interesting programs were rendered, shortly afterwards it was decided to issue a weekly manuscript paper, and James H. Wallis was elected editor. It was called *Excelsior*, and eventually grew to sixteen pages and was issued monthly. Among the contributors were Elders Wm. Budge, John Nicholson, Francis Cope, Lyman R. Martineau, Charles B. Felt, Henry H. Rolapp, with a number of poems by James H. Wallis.

"In January, 1880, the Association was re-organized, with James H. Wallis, president; Henry H. Rolapp, first counselor; Scott Wm. Anderson, second counselor; Robert L. Anderson, secretary-treasurer. James H. Wallis continued as editor of the *Excelsior*, with Henry H. Rolapp and Robert L. Anderson, assistants.

"At the next meeting following this re-organization, on January 4, 1880, Elder Henry H. Rolapp delivered a wonderful talk on the Life of Christ, considering that he was at that time learning to speak the English language."

Our Pioneers

'Tis the voice of the past, speaking to us again,
In memory of the brave, struggling women and men
Who fought with a purpose, unwavering and true,
And in the heart of a desert began life anew!

From the top of a hill, overlooking the scene
Their leader surveyed it with satisfied mein;
And with prophetic eye, and a smile on his face,
Cried to his people: "This is the place."

They grubbed up the sagebrush, fought back the weeds,
And with prayers for a harvest, planted their seeds.
Thus with toiling and reaping—tasks smilingly done,
They conquered—who can measure the victory won!

Through the heat of the days, scarcely resting for slumber
They sweated and toiled through days without number.
And for that—a reward for their dear willing hands—
Utah to their glory, a monument stands.

Say we now to our hearts: "Here's a lesson to see,
Their battle was fought for what we might be.
Let us, here in the land of Untrammeled Desires,
Build well, and be true to the Faith of our sires."

Now the voice of the Future hails us, as then,
In the memory of brave struggling women and men.
Forever we'll praise them, their memory revere,
Oh, the conquering Heroes! the brave Pioneer!

Monticello, Utah. ANNA PRINCE REDD.

The Stream's Whisper

Day has burned out, the twilight smolders low,
Vague is the pathway on the stream's vague
edge,
And through the willows comes the fading glow,
The autumn dew lies thick upon the sedge.
Cold glide the waters o'er the cold gray stones,
The far hills vanish in the gathered cloud,
The gleaming gold melts from the twilight
tones,
A white mist gathers like a nature shroud.
Yes, day is dead, the bats begin their flight,
List! The stream's whisper comes unto the ear—
Thus life's day passes, death comes as the night,
For thee the Reaper of Mankind is near;
Ah! whispering waters, from the sight
withdrawn,
Whence came the night; from thence will
come the dawn.

Alfred Lambourne.

Clay model of Monument to the Handcart Pioneers to be erected on the Tabernacle Block.

A MONUMENT TO THE HANDCART PIONEERS

By Elizabeth Cannon Porter

What the Battle of the Marne was to the world war, the Handcart Expeditions were to western immigration. They proved a costly victory. No greater martyrs are found in history than the men who pulled the handcarts until their last day of life. These literally died in the harness. Brave allies were the women and children who treked by their side. The survivors played their part in the "winning of the west;" the dead paid the "price of the prairie."

A monument to the handcart pioneers has been modeled by the Norwegian sculptor, Torleif S. Knaphus. This will be cast in bronze and placed on the Tabernacle grounds in Salt Lake City. Subscriptions to this have been raised by a committee of ladies of the society of the Daughters of the Handcart Pioneers. The late President Seymour B. Young was active in support of the monument. The aid of the presiding bishopric will make its completion possible.

The rough sketch in clay as I saw it at the sculptor's studio on Richards' street presented an interesting ensemble. A rickety cart, with much-worn wheels is depicted. From one side of it sags a ragged quilt, from which protrudes a frying pan. On the seat sits a small child; in the traces toils a man, bearded and inured to hardship. By his

side walks a woman, trim in sunbonnet and basque. There is also a boy and a dog.

"Do you know if they brought any dogs?" the sculptor asked me anxiously.

"I don't know," I replied, "but I think that if I had a dog, and were starting on a western trip, I'd bring him."

Mr. Knaphus presents a fine head on massive shoulders. He is about forty years of age, and already has achieved much. He had a three years' scholarship in art at Christiania, (Osio), Norway. He afterwards studied at the Academie Julian in Paris where he took honors for his monument designs. He also spent one year at the Art League in New York.

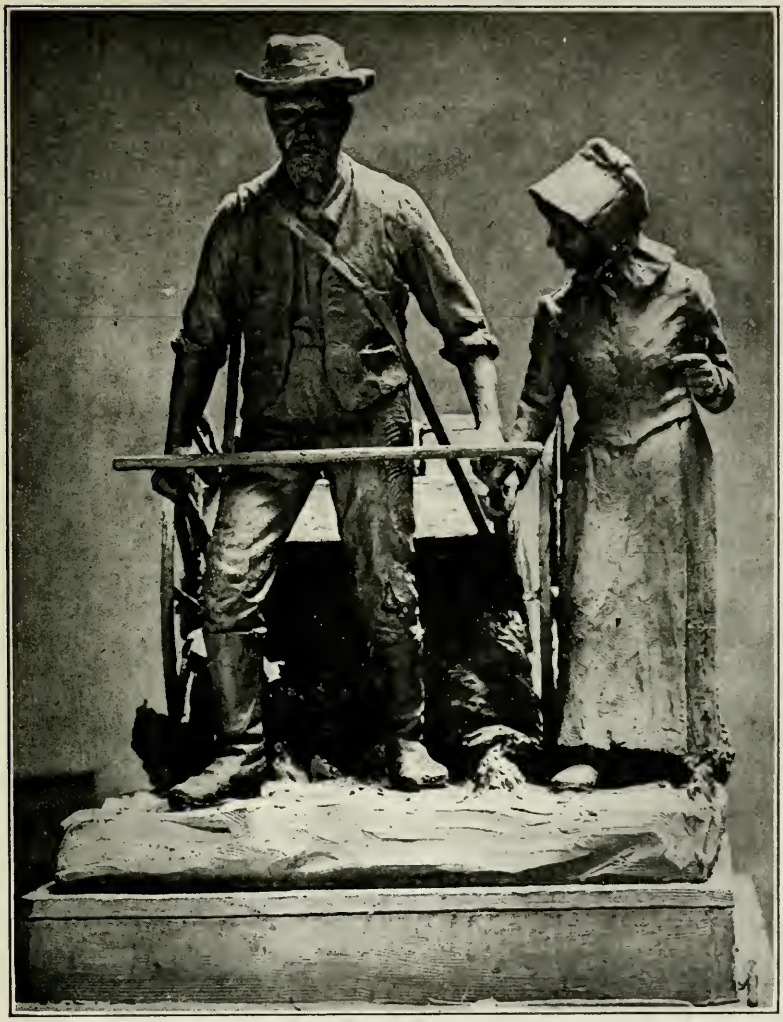
He deprecated that he had not done more. "But," he said with a characteristic shrug of the shoulders, "one must live."

Since coming to Zion he has done notable work on the new temples. He helped decorate the beautiful temple at Hawaii, famous for its terraces and gardens. He moulded the gigantic bas relief that stands at the entrance to the temple at Cardston, depicting the Savior at the well with the woman of Samaria. He showed me a picture of the baptismal font of the Canadian temple. The heads of the oxen that support the tremendous bowl of crushed granite are interpolated with water lilies.

Sculptor Knaphus was enthusiastic over the work on the Arizona temple at Mesa. In collaboration with the artist A. B. Wright, instructor of art at the L. D. S. University, he moulded eight bas reliefs near the corners of the southern temple depicting the gathering of all nations by the gospel. Among the various groups of figures different modes of transportation are shown such as ships, Indian packhorses, Hawaiian shark fishing canoes.

The handcart migration is an epic of the west. Taken as a whole it was wonderfully successful, and made it possible for many old-world people to come to Utah who otherwise must have waited. Ten companies numbering about 4,000 people largely from England and Wales crossed the plains with handcarts in the years 1856-60. These came about a decade after Brigham Young led the first ox-cart company into the Salt Lake valley.

Says Andrew Jenson: "In the thirteenth general epistle of the First Presidency of the Church, dated Salt Lake City, October 29, 1855, the Saints were advised that an opportunity would be given to the poor to cross the plains on foot, thus saving the almost prohibitive expense of wagons and teams. A plan was outlined by which it was shown that, provided with handcarts upon which to carry their tents, food, clothing, bedding, etc., the journey might be made with safety. Provisions were made for such as, through age or infirmity, might be unable to walk, to be carried in wagons which would be sent with each company. It was also stated that, through the Perpetual



A Rough-draft Front View of Monument to the Handcart Pioneers.

Emigration Fund, those who were unable to pay the expense of the voyage across the ocean, and the journey to Iowa City, Iowa—the outfitting post—might receive assistance."

The movement was launched at the earnest solicitation of the Saints of Europe, many of whom had despaired of ever reaching the "Promised Land." In 1855 the crops in the Salt Lake Valley had been almost a failure, due to drought and grasshoppers. The Church was embarrased financially and not able to purchase wagons and teams as it had done heretofore.

Five companies left Iowa City for Utah late in the season of 1856. Iowa City is 260 miles east of Omaha, and Omaha is 1,031 miles east of Salt Lake City. It took the first companies four weeks to reach Omaha, as they averaged less than ten miles a day.

The captains of companies were Edmund Ellsworth, Daniel D. McArthur, Edward Bunker, James G. Willie, and Edward Martin.

The companies of Ellsworth and McArthur made the trip successfully. They arrived at the mouth of Emigration canyon September 26, where they were joyfully received by the Saints of Utah, with feasting and acclaim; Bunker's company, composed mostly of Welsh people, was accompanied by a wagon train part of the way. They arrived October 2.

The last two companies of this season, commanded by Willie and Martin, suffered terrible hardships, largely because of the lateness of their start, and the fact that an unusually early winter set in that year. They were immigrants who arrived late in America. Because of their numbers, difficulty was experienced in providing them with handcarts.

Willie's company, which contained aged people, women, and children, reached Florence, or old Winter Quarters, August 10, where they rested a week. Levi Savage urged that they remain the winter there, but such was their zeal that they preferred to push on. In the journey across Iowa many of the wheels went to pieces. The travelers used their bacon grease as a lubricant. Despite their heavy loads, fifteen miles a day were made. Songs and laughter rang out. The handcart people had a little song of their own:

"For some must push and some must pull
As we go marching up the hill.
So merrily on the way we go
Until we reach the Valley O."

At Wood river, Nebraska, after they had gone a distance of about 172 miles, they found the plains alive with buffalo. One evening the cattle were stampeded. They had oxen to haul the tents and heavier camp equipment: each one hundred persons and twenty handcarts, five tents, and one wagon drawn by three yoke of oxen. When the cattle were rounded up thirty were missing. This left but one yoke of oxen to each wagon. Much time was lost in trying to utilize milk cows and heifers for draft animals. As this failed they were compelled to load more supplies on the already overladen handcarts.

At the North Bluff Fork of the Platte, they were overtaken by Elder Franklin D. Richards of the Council of the Twelve, who was returning from Europe with a party of missionaries. These pushed on ahead to have additional provisions sent to the "voyagers." At Laramie, after an advance of 522 miles, they found that they still had 509 miles to go. The ration of flour was cut from sixteen ounces down to twelve for adults. On approaching the mountains they found

them mantled in snow. The nights were cold, their seventeen pounds of clothing insufficient, and the old and feeble began to droop and die. Scarcely a camp was left in the morning without a funeral or two.

They received notification that aid was being sent. As they approached the Sweetwater they were forced to wade streams while the snow swirled around them. The sick and weak were put into the carts and pulled by the men. Says Captain Chislett: "Many pulled their carts in the morning, gave out during the day, and died before next morning. And they died with the calm fortitude of martyrs."

While toiling on to reach firewood for the nights' camp they were delighted to meet two young men, William Kimball and Stephen Taylor, sent out in the van of the supply train for their relief. The weather-beaten pilgrims greeted them effusively. That night they went into camp in the willows. In the morning they were under a foot of snow and five persons had passed from sleep to death without intervening consciousness. They were all buried in one grave. That morning they killed two of the cattle and distributed the meat, Their flour was now exhausted. They were reduced to two barrels of dry bread, some rice, a few pounds of sugar and some dried apples. Captain Willie pushed on to meet the relief train. He was gone three days. the same storm that had overwhelmed the handcart pioneers had forced their rescuers into camp.

When they appeared on the evening of the third day over the brow of the hill the women rushed out and embraced their deliverers. Quilts, blankets, buffalo robes and clothing were distributed, followed by food, and such is the resilience of human nature, again the songs and laughter rang out that night. Yet they encountered other difficulties. The vitality of some was so lowered that they succumbed to the cold that they had yet to endure. They advanced through the snow knee deep when they reached the divide, and it took collective effort to move each cart. Some were so sunk in lethargy that they could not be roused. At the camp on Willow Creek thirteen persons were frozen in the night. Their grave was protected from the wolves, and two more died before the camp was vacated.

Of the four hundred who embarked, sixty-seven persons lost their lives on the journey. Willie's company arrived in the valley, November 9. Martin's company, which did not get in till the end of that month, was worse overwhelmed with the snows.

Two more companies came in with handcarts in 1857, one in 1859, and two in 1860.

A company of missionaries going to their fields of labor in the east or to foreign lands, crossed the plains with handcarts very successfully in 1857.

In 1869 came the railroad, the "iron horse" that tore through the Rockies, and from that time travel was made easy.

SOME PHILOSOPHIES

By Lloyd O. Ivie

Charity is the opposite of egotism.

Love sometimes hurts but never harms.

How much of you is Latter-day Saint?

Prayer should precede, not supercede our actions.

Man usually says the most about that which he knows the least.

Some men would rather have their own way than the right way.

It is not where we are but what we are that determines our worth.

Home is the greatest fore-taste of heaven this mortal world can know.

A church is not a "storehouse of religion," but rather "our Sabbath home."

Neither good nor evil can be judged by the number who participate in it.

The love of money is the root of all evil; not the possession or the correct use of it.

Opinions are found more in consideration of personal comfort than of personal benefit.

There is but one kind of love in this whole world which is never reciprocated—self-love.

It is far easier to forgive those who have injured us than those whom we have injured.

Conscience is that which God has given us to train our hearts in the path of righteousness.

Each man's Zion is the size of his own heart; and some have a larger chunk of it than others.

Man subjects himself to that which he fears. "The fear of God is the beginning of all righteousness."

The question is not alone the ability to make friends, but rather the level upon which one makes them.

Some men are born to thinking, others achieve thinking, while some have thinking thrust upon them.

It takes a braver man to tell another what he thinks of him, than it does to tell everyone else but him.

"Mormonism" is the biggest imposition that has ever been dumped upon the world; or else * * * it is true.

It is harder to be thankful for that which we have always possessed than for that which God sends us in the hour of our need.

When the Spirit of God burns in upon the heart of a man he looks to his own faults; when any other spirit, he sees the faults of others.

Speakers are like automobiles. The engine is the spirit. If the brakes are poor, the car often coasts on for quite a way after the engine has stopped.

There is more to gardening than keeping out the weeds. He

who would have a garden of only no needs would better stake his claim on a sand swept desert.

In an effort to attain leadership one's whole heart must be, not upon that but upon *follow-ship*. If men would preach the latter, the former would come of itself.

There is a great difference among schools. Some are efficient in training men to make dollars; while others possess the art of training dollars to make men.

It is not only necessary to have leadership; but it must be the proper kind. Only he is a true leader who has power to persuade men, and also the power to obey God.

"Broken heart"—not heart-broken—means a heart trained to obedience in the things of God, even as a horse is broken to work. It does not mean a sad, weeping heart.

Much evil and error is kept alive in the world, not because man does not perceive it, but because he points it out and suggests the remedy to anyone save him whom it most concerns.

Glass is glass though broken into bits. But to be of service as a pane it must also fit the frame. The gospel of truth fits exactly the frame of mortal life; no other size will do.

It is just as easy to understand that we have been as it is that we are; it is more reasonable to believe that we will ever continue to be than to think that a time will come when we are no longer.

The monkey is no doubt the species of animal that God placed upon this earth to show man what he would be were it not for the divine within him. Take that away and wherein would he be ahead of the monkey?

I think it would be an excellent thing if the Saints would do a little more praying for the returned missionary, as well as "the missionaries abroad preaching the gospel." The returned missionary not only drops out of the work, but also out of the prayers of the Saints.

There are two ways of correcting the faults of others. One is to pounce hound-like upon every little mistake we see, the other is to be such noble characters that others will become self-conscious of their weaknesses. The former are as a wrecking crew; the latter are builders of manhood.

Distrust is that which brings out the vilest, the lowest, the meanest within the heart of man; envy and suspicion develops the same in self.

Like the shell-crab we will leave our shells for a larger one when we have grown to fill it. But we will never consent to be squeezed back into a smaller one.

The captivity of Satan is that he is in the pit he digged for others. The hell in which he reigns is a trap he devised for the subjection of others. It will also prove to be the hell of all. The opposite is also true. We rise to the heights we plan and seek for others; and we sink to the depths to which we ourselves would consign them.

GOD'S DEBT

The *Improvement Era* Prize Jubilee Story

By J. Arthur Horne

"You seem to have been very successful since your return from your mission, Harvey," said the bishop, drawing his chair nearer the table and picking up the check which Harvey Gibbs had just laid down.

J. Arthur Horne

"Yes," returned the young man, "I have been successful, and I ought to be. I spent more than two years in the Lord's service and since my return I have been president of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association. I think the Lord owes me a little something; don't you think so?"

The bishop frowned. "I've never looked at it in just that way, Harvey. It seems to me that when a young man goes on a mission he gets more out of it than anyone else; besides, you baptized five or six people, I believe."

"Seven," corrected the young man. "But that does not help me particularly. You promised me before I went away that if I would go, the Lord would bless me."

"And he has blessed you," returned the bishop quickly. "Just look at this—a tithing check for a thousand dollars. And your Mutual work brought you into contact with Nellie Taylor, one of the sweetest girls I have had the privilege of knowing. You never would have won her for your wife had you not been active in Church work, you realize that, don't you?"

"Don't misunderstand me, Bishop Mulroy. I have been blessed. In three years I have established a business worth $35,000. Of course, I am proud of my wife and baby, too. Other men also have their wives and babies. Perhaps Nellie didn't do so badly, she has her own car, you know. I merely mentioned the fact that I expect the Lord to bless me because I have tried to be a faithful servant to him."

"Well, I hope the Lord doesn't pay me all off here. I'd like a little coming when I pass to the other side." The bishop leaned back in his chair and looked at the young man quizzically.

He had known Harvy Gibbs practically all the young man's life. He had watched him grow up clean and straight in spite of the fact that Harvey had spent three years of his youth on a cattle ranch in Wyoming. It was the knowledge he had gained there that had stood him in such good stead since he had started in business for himself. On his return from his mission he had opened a butcher shop. It had been a success from the start and had grown until he had several clerks employed to wait on his customers, while he spent most of his time buying calves and beeves for his slaughter pens on the West Side. From slaughtering the animals for his own market, he had expanded into a wholesale meat business by selling his surplus to other shops. A few days before our story opens he had sold out his retail business for $10,000 and was now in the home of his bishop handing the latter a check for one thousand dollars as his tithing on the proceeds of the sale. He was a young man of good appearance, with fair, wavy hair and blue eyes and a very determined chin. Already he was beginning to have the air about him of the successful business man. He had done a splendid work in the Mutual Improvement Association, and the bishop was trying, now, as he looked at his visitor, not to allow any thought to intrude itself into his mind that would discount Harvey's good work in that organization.

"Oh, of course," said the young man, waving his hand airily, "we all hope to have something coming over there, but I'm not worrying about that now. I expect a little something here."

"You may be sure, Harvey," the bishop spoke slowly and deliberately, "If the Lord owes you anything he'll pay the debt. I only hope you don't expect too much."

"No, I don't expect the Lord to hand it to me on a silver platter. I know that I must work, and work hard if I am going to succeed." The young man arose and picked up his hat from the table. "I guess I'll be moving on toward home." They bade each other good-night, and the visitor took his departure.

When the door had closed behind Harvey Gibbs, Bishop Mulroy picked up the check from where he had laid it on the table and looked it over thoughtfully. "Thirty-five thousand dollars in three years," muttered the bishop in an awed tone. "It's more than I have made in twenty years. And he thinks the Lord still owes him something. Well! well!" he repeated, carefully stowing away the check in his pocket book, "it's a strange world we live in."

For some time thereafter Harvy Gibbs attended faithfully to his duties in the Church. He and his young wife and baby girl were often at sacrament meetings, and anyone could see that the father fairly adored his child. Then the mother and babe were absent for awhile, to reappear with another tiny infant to receive a name and a blessing at the hands of the bishop. Then one bright June day the bishop noticed Nellie and the children come into the meeting alone.

"Harvey had to go to Spanish Fork to see about some cattle," she explained to the bishop, when he shook hands with her. "We expect him back tomorrow." Nellie's dark eyes looked into the kindly gray ones of the bishop and he saw that she was troubled.

"There is nothing unusual in a man's being away on business and failing to get back for the Sabbath," he said reassuringly.

"But it doesn't seem just right to be doing things like that on Sunday. He only left yesterday." She looked down at her baby's head as she spoke and began to smooth the downy hair over his tiny scalp.

"Perhaps he had to accomodate his time to suit the other man," he said, gently pinching the tip of little Dorothy's ear as she sat beside her mother. "We must not judge him hastily."

"There are other cattle to be bought," she retorted, and her dark eyes flashed up into his face for just a second.

"Oh, yes, of course, but Harvey is a fine man. I don't think he intended any harm."

"Perhaps not," she conceded, and the bishop passed on to greet some other arrivals.

Nellie came from an old family that had been with the Church almost from its beginning, and the roots of her faith were firmly entrenched in the soil of the gospel. Any deviation from the straight and narrow road was looked upon with alarm. Though strict, she was warm-hearted and forgiving. Such women exercise a powerful influence over their husbands and among their associates in life. The bishop counted on her to keep Harvey in the line of his duty.

When, however, Harvey began to absent himself from his Mutual Improvement Association meetings the bishop took occasion to run out to see him at his place of business. He was quite surprised at the large brick structure which loomed up before him as he drew near. At the rear were a number of corrals in which cattle were lowing. He got out of his car and walked back among the animals. On one side were long pens for housing hogs and sheep. Some men were unloading hay in the farther pens, while near at hand the cattle were being prodded into a long chute which led directly into the rear of the building. Being of a rather tender nature, the bishop did not go in to the killing floor but went around to the front door and entered the office. Harvey rose from his desk and gave the bishop a hearty greeting.

"Thought I'd like to come and see how you're getting on," said the bishop and smiled affably as he took the proffered chair.

"I don't owe a cent on it," returned the young business man waving his hand in the general direction of the surrounding plant. "Not bad for only seven years in the business, is it?"

"I should say not," returned the bishop with emphasis. "I'm glad the Lord has done this for you, Harvey. You see, I'm jealous for my Master to pay off his obligations." Harvey's face clouded for

a moment, but it was rather the thought that the bishop was underrating the part he had played in the building of his enterprise, than that he detected a note of sarcasm in the good man's words. The moment did not seem propitious to mention the Mutual Improvement work, so the bishop decided to say nothing about it, just then.

"I've put a good deal of hard work into this thing, I can tell you, Bishop Mulroy. Some nights I don't get away much before midnight. It's a hard game to play with a lone hand like I have done, but I've won out, and before long I can sit back and let the other fellows do the work." He sat down at his desk and pulled out a sheaf of papers. "I'm having cattle shipped from Montana, Colorado, Idaho, and Wyoming as well as from our own state." He spread the papers out on the desk before his visitor as he spoke and the bishop could see that they were shipping bills from various points in the surrounding states. "When we open up new territory I go myself and see the principal cattle and sheep men and hog raisers. I buy everything for cash down and turn the animals into beef, mutton, and pork almost as fast as they reach the plant. The cooling rooms take care of the surplus and when the market gets a little slack, I ease up on the buying. The way I'm working it now, I can't lose. With the start I've got the business is bound to grow." His face was flushed with pride as he spoke.

"I expect you'll be a millionaire before you're through, Harvey," returned the bishop with a little sigh. Harvey gathered up his sheaf of papers and returned them to the desk.

"Would you like to go through the plant, Bishop?" he asked.

"I've been out to the pens and around the outside. The smell is just a little off color for me," the bishop excused himself.

"We might just step into the cooling rooms, if you like." The bishop assented and they went together along a short hallway and entered through a great thick doorway. They felt the cool air fan their cheeks as they entered the room. Row after row of beeves cut in half hung from the heavy beams overhead, while strung in rows about the room were ammonia pipes, frost-covered, which preserved the meat until it was ready to go on the market. "This room holds nearly six hundred beeves," explained the guide, "and we have another one equally as large. We expect to add other rooms, as the growth of the business demands it." The bishop was impressed. That Harvey Gibbs possessed keen business acumen could not be denied, but in his heart the bishop credited all good things to the Giver of life, and whatever of success Harvey Gibbs attained there was at least one person who would give God the credit.

"Nellie will, too," he thought as he climbed into his car and started for home.

More and more Harvey neglected his ward duties, as his business grew. Bishop Mulroy's counselors urged upon him the need of a

reorganization of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association, time and again, but each time the bishop deferred action. Then one morning his wife handed to him a letter which had come in the mail. The bishop opened it and read:

"*Dear Bishop Mulroy*—My business demands so much of my attention that I have been compelled to neglect some of my other duties. I feel that the best interests of the Mutual Improvement Association requires my resignation. There are many men in the ward who, I am sure, can accomplish much more than I can in my position, and I, therefore, request that I be released from my position.

"Sincerely,
"*Harvey Gibbs.*"

When the bishop read the letter to his counselors they received it gladly, but the bishop was profoundly shaken. He loved the young man and wanted to see him remain true to the faith of his parents. He knew that it would be a great shock to Nellie if her husband would now give it up. She had clung to the position Harvey held in the Ward Mutual as the anchor which should keep him active in the Church. One other thing she and the bishop counted on in their many little conversations together was the great love which existed between Harvey and his little daughter, Dorothy.

Once more the bishop journeyed out to the packing plant on the West Side. Many workmen were busy enlarging the plant as the bishop came up. He found Harvey engaged with several men in his office and had to wait his turn for an audience. When he was admitted he drew from his pocket Harvey's letter and laid it on the table before its author. "This comes as a great shock to me, Harvey. It is the last remaining position you hold in the Church work. It seems to me the Lord has overpaid you, if your time is to be entirely taken up with caring for your worldly goods."

"Bishop, you've thrown that up to me half a dozen times, and I have kept my mouth shut. It was just a silly remark of an inexperienced youth. I don't think the Lord cared whether I succeeded in this business or not. If a man has it in him to succeed, he'll get ahead in spite of everything; if he hasn't, he might as well quit before he begins, because he'll be a failure anyhow." The bishop regretted that he had come at such a time to talk this matter over with Harvey. He had evidently been having a strenuous day and was in no humor to talk over religious themes.

"You had never intimated to me that you had changed your ideas on that subject, or I should never have mentioned it again. In spite of what you say, however, I am glad that you acknowledge that God has paid his debt to you."

"I have changed my ideas; yes. Take a man like yourself, Bishop. You devote a great deal of your time to your religious duties, but what do you get from it? The love of your associates, perhaps, but you lose in a business way. I could give you several pointers on

your own business—but that is neither here nor there. The point I wish to make is this; take my own business, for instance. I send out a man to buy cattle. Nine chances out of ten he'll be a failure—he lacks judgment. Once in awhile I find one who can put it over. I keep him as long as I can. It's all a matter of judgment, and being on the job all the time." Harvey spoke in abrupt sentences, but in spite of his seeming confidence the bishop detected little lines of worry appearing about the corners of his eyes and mouth. A few gray hairs were showing about his ears, too.

"Harvey, you could probably give me some pointers about the conduct of my business, some of which I can anticipate, but I would probably not change my methods, even if I knew it meant more money to me." The packer looked up quickly into the other's face. "I could probably give you some pointers that would add to your span of life and to its real enjoyment while it lasts; that would give Nellie and the children much more happiness than dollars will ever do, but you would doubtless return the compliment, and say, 'I do not care to change my methods'."

"Bishop, I can't," he said in a kindlier tone. "I'm so deep in this that I've got to keep on or lose everything. Heretofore we have sold all our lard and tallow for soap making, but now we are going to convert these things into products for the local market. It means an important step in the packing business for this state."

"I am heartily in sympathy with any move that helps to develop the state and I am glad you have this in mind, but—" The bishop hesitated and the packer looked at him sharply. "I was going to say that, to my way of thinking, the gospel of Jesus Christ is more important even than lard." The younger man smiled rather ruefully.

"Oh, of course, putting it that way, it is." He swung his chair a trifle so as to face the bishop. He leaned forward and spoke in a low tone. "Bishop, that is not the real reason for this letter," tapping it with his forefinger, as it lay open on the desk. "You can keep this under your hat for the present: plans are under way right now, to consolidate the western packing interests. I have been approached by pratically all the packers in the city with this end in view. The merger is pretty well assured and I am slated to stand at the head." He sat up in his chair, his eyes sparkling, his face flushed with triumph. "Bishop, it's a big thing for me. It will place us in a position where we can dictate prices and shut out competition. Of course, we will still have the big packers from the middle west to duel with, but the high freight rates make them easy to handle."

"I guess I'm old fashioned, Harvey," the bishop said, "but I think more about the good will of my neighbors and friends and the approval of my Master, than I do about making a pile of money." Harvey smiled, a rather superior smile, the bishop thought, but he did not make any comment.

The door of the office swung open and the packer's daughter, Dorothy, now a beautiful child of ten, burst into the room and flung herself into her father's arms. Dressed in the richest fabrics that money could buy and carefully groomed in manners and speech, she might well have touched the heart of any man who loved grace and beauty and innocence.

"Daddy, mama wants you to take us out to Aunt Emly's. Can't you come now?" Then she noticed Bishop Mulroy. "That is," she added, "when you get through with your business." The bishop held out his hand and she put her soft little one into it. "Don't you think my daddy's a wonderful man, Bishop Mulroy?"

"Of course he is, Dorothy, and I hope you will always think so." The bishop arose as he spoke and put on his hat. "I'd like to leave this matter open for a little while, if I thought you might reconsider it, Harvey."

The packer shook his head. "I'm afraid it's final, Bishop. I couldn't attend to my duties in the Mutual, if you should retain me in it. No; this will have to be final."

"Well, I'm sorry," the bishop said as he went out.

Hoping against hope, the bishop still deferred action on the Harvey Gibbs resignation. "The Mutual Improvement season will soon be over and we might as well let the matter stand as it is until fall, the counselors can do the work," he told his counselors. "Many things can happen before then."

And things did happen. That was spring when the peak of high prices was reached and the reaction set in. The sheepmen were staggered at the sudden drop in the price of wool. Thousands of sacks were left at the shearing corrals, and even in the freight sheds at the railroad stations. Farm prices fell with sickening rapidity, and the farmers in many instances could not realize enough from the sale of their products to pay for the help they had hired to harvest their crops. Many men on great farms and ranches bundled their families and household goods into their wagons and drove off because the lands were no longer worth the mortgages that covered them. Mines and factories closed down and dumped millions of idle men upon the country. The packers did not escape. Several of Gibbs's buyers were in remote sections, and Harvey was unable to reach them by telegram until they arrived at the railroad with sheep and cattle ready for shipment. In a few weeks his bank surplus shrank to almost nothing. He dismissed his buyers and tried to dispose of the animals before the shipment. In some instances he was able to effect a sale, but at prices that were ruinous. When prices seemed to steady themselves a little, Harvey concluded that the bottom had about been reached. He made a hurried trip into Idaho and with the last of his bank surplus bought 1200 hogs at 13 cents a pound. He got the wires humming and within twenty-four hours had the animals entrained for shipment to Salt

Lake. Immediately upon their arrival he turned them into pork and felt that he had done well, but when he got them on the market they brought only 13 cents a pound dressed. A loss of more than $15,000.

In the midst of this crisis, Harvey's daughter, Dorothy, came down with typhoid fever. Medical assistance was called in at once and the doctors assured the anxious parents that there was no cause for alarm. In spite, however, of the doctors' assurance Dorothy seemed to have secured an unusual supply of the deadly germs, and when the time should have come for her to take a turn for the better she gave no promise of improvement. Nellie sent for Bishop Mulroy. When he reached the Gibbs's front door it was opened by Nellie's mother, a stately gray-haired lady usually very calm and capable, but now wearing a very worried look. She extended her hand in greeting. "I am so glad you are here, Will," she said, sighing with evident relief.

"Where is Nellie?" he asked.

"With Dorothy. She sits by her bedside all the time, and we cannot get her away. She thinks the world of you, Will, and I hope you can persuade her to get some rest." They entered the sick room. The child on the bed looked scarcely worse than the wan and tired-eyed mother who sat by her side looking so wistfully at the pale features of her offspring. The bishop's heart overflowed with sympathy, and he placed his hand on Nellie's head, then his hand tenderly caressed her cheek and pressed her head against his side. She burst into tears. Her thin hands reached up and took his hand in hers.

"Bishop, I can't stand it! She doesn't even recognize me now.' She spoke in jerky sentences between her sobs. "The doctors keep telling me that she will soon take a turn for the better, but they don't know. Do you think God is going to take her away?"

"The Lord gave her to you, Nellie, and he will do what is best for you and Harvey. We will hope that he will stretch forth his hand and restore her health and life again." He gently laid her hands in her lap as he spoke. Then he bent over the sick child and studied the little pinched face, offering a prayer in his heart for her recovery.

Harvey came in. He looked like a man distracted. He kissed his wife and shook the bishop's hand. "Has she regained consciousness?" he asked as he bent over the bed. His hand gently stroked the hair from the white foreheard of his child, and Dorothy stirred feebly. The nurse came in and dropped a spoonful of water into the little one's mouth. Dorothy did not swallow it, she did not even close her mouth. The nurse shook her gently to rouse her, but without avail. Then she ran to the telephone and called the doctor. The sound of her excited voice telling the doctor to hurry brought Nellie to her feet. She threw herself partly across the bed and kissed the pale cheeks.

"Dorothy, Dorothy, speak to me! This is mama!" She did not cry. She spoke breathlessly, insistently. "Don't let yourself go,

Dorothy. Open your eyes and look at me!" But there was no response. The child's head moved only as the mother moved it. It seemed almost detached from the body. "Oh, she's dying!" She rose up wild-eyed. "Can't you do something? Where's the doctor? Why doesn't he hurry? Pray, all of you!" She came swiftly to the bishop and seized a lapel of his coat in each hand, looking up into his face pleadingly. "Won't you pray for her, Bishop Mulroy? No one but God can give her back to us. Please say you'll pray for her."

"You musn't give way like this, Nellie," he said gently. "Of course, I'll pray for her." Two doctors came in followed by the nurse. They made a hasty examination.

"Too late," one of them said in an undertone to the other. The low-spoken words did not escape the ears strained for any word of encouragement that might fall from the lips of these wizards of the sickroom. The bishop expected an outcry from Nellie, but she gave no sound. He saw Harvey put his arms about his wife and try to comfort her, though his own grief was well nigh overmastering him. The doctors left the room. Nellie turned to the bishop.

"I knew all the time they could do nothing for her. Only God can heal my child." She came closer to Bishop Mulroy. "You believe God can heal her, don't you?"

"Of course he can," returned the bishop.

"Then don't give up. You'll ask him to heal her for my sake, won't you, Bishop Mulroy." Her eyes searched his face as if she would sound the depths of his faith.

"For your sake, Nellie," he said in a low tone. "I should like to be alone in the room," he added in a louder voice to those present. They silently withdrew. Harvey lingered.

"You said, for her sake, Bishop. Won't you for mine, too?" The men looked into each other's eyes for a second. "I know what you are thinking about, Bishop Mulroy. I thought the Lord owed me something for my work in the mission field and in the ward." He took a step forward and clasped the bishop's hand in both of his. He blessed me in my business until I took the credit to myself. Now everything has gone to smash. He gave me this child, the pride of my heart, but I forgot to thank him for her." He drew the bishop toward the bed. "Perhaps he will take her away, but, oh, I do hope he will not." He raised his hand. "All we have and love in this life are gifts from God. There is no such thing as 'God's debt'." He bent over the bed. "My precious pet," he murmured. The bishop laid his hand on the younger man's head.

"Yes, they are gifts, gifts so great that we cannot appreciate them until times like this reveal them to us in all their intensity." Once more the men looked into each other's eyes. "Yes, for your sake, too, Harvey."

The young man bowed his head and with a low-spoken, "Thank

you," left the room. When the door closed, the bishop looked at the face on the pillow. If there was any life in the little form, he could not detect it. He knelt beside the bed. He was a man of great faith. He believed this trouble had come upon Harvey Gibbs to teach him the true values of life. Whether it would require the life of this child to complete the lesson, he did not know. This was the way he presented it before the Lord. And he asked if possible that the child might be spared. He prayed with all the intensity of his soul. Before he rose from his knees he felt the little one stir, and a tiny voice say, "Mama." He looked at the face on the pillow and saw that her eyes were open. Once more he closed his eyes.

"Father in heaven, I thank thee," he said. Then he rose and opened the door. "Come," he said. They entered the room. Pen cannot describe the feeling of grief turned to joy that comes on such occasions. The mother kissed the cheeks of her child, the father kneeling at the bedside in an almost audible prayer of thanksgiving, while the little one puts up her thin, white hand and touches her mother's cheek, and the grandmother looks on with tear-dimmed eyes. These are the pictures which still linger in the memory of good Bishop Mulroy.

When he left, Harvey followed him to the front door. They clasped each other's hands in silent understanding. "You're right, Harvey," the bishop said, "There's no such thing as 'God's Debt'."

Sandy, Utah.

The Boys of '76

A lot of water has run through the mill
Since those far distant days of history's fame.
Dimly we see the heroes—lying still,
Who gave their lives in dear, dear freedom's name.

Many a hard fought cause has taken toll
Of gallant boys, and women's tears been shed,
Still we remember, now, the martyrs' roll
Who laid the path where mighty nations tread.

Would that time's mystic scroll could backward turn,
That those dead patriots could see, once more,
The living temple that their visions earn
Where Liberty, enshrined, goes on before.

HENRY F. KIRKHAM.

THE UNEQUAL YOKE*

A Play In One Act

By Blanche Kendall McKey

"Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers"—Corinthians 6:14

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Dr. Raymond Winthrope.
Beatrice Winthrope, his daughter.
Miss Jane Kingston, her aunt.
Harold Bachelor.

Time: The Present.

Scene: The living room of Dr. Winthrope's home in New York City. Late afternoon of a bright June day:

Blanche Kendall McKey

At back, C., French doors open upon a sun-flooded conservatory. Palms and flowers are disclosed, and a bird sings in a cage which stands in view of the audience. A door L. leads into the hall. French windows on the R. are bathed in sunlight. At R. back is a bookcase upon which stands a vase of flowers; and upon the L. there is a desk. Down stage L. is a fireplace with a large easy chair near. At R. is a settee. Chair left C. The furnishings are harmonious, and the general air is one of luxury.

At rise: Jane Kingston, a dignified maiden lady of about forty, not without charm, is seated upon the settee R. trying to become interested in a book. A bird's song comes from the conservatory. She rises restlessly, returns the book to the case at back R. and crosses to the books upon the desk L. Looking into them aimlessly, one of them opens, as if by habit, to a marked passage.

Jane.—(*Reads*):

"And I think in the lives of most women and men,
There's a time when all would be smooth and even.
If only the dead could find out when
To come back and . . . . "

(*She looks at the book significantly and lays it back reverently. In thought she crosses to the French doors, at back, through which the sunshine is streaming.*)

If only the dead could find out when to come back—"

(*The birds sing in the conservatory. Jane does not see Dr.*

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*The *Improvement Era* prize-winning one-act play, in Jubilee contest.

Winthrope enter from L. Winthrope is in middle life, distinguished in appearance and manner. His hair is slightly gray.)

Winthrope.—My dear Jane.

Jane.—(*Extending her hand C.*) You do not seem surprised.

Winthrope.—My man telephoned to the hospital, and I ran away. *It must be something important which would bring you across the continent without a word of warning.*

Jane.—It is important—to me.

Winthrope.—(*Placing large chair for her L.*) Have you seen Beatrice?

Jane.—No; she's matinee-idling with your handsome young protege.

Winthrope.—Oh—(*He indicated chair again.*)

Jane.—I prefer to pace about.

Winthrope.—(*Coming C.*) My dear Jane, what are you worrying over?

Jane.—(*Facing him C.*) My dear Raymond, real mothers are fussy enough; but we unmarried make-believes, who have the love without the maternal insight, cap the climax. I can't eat without Bea, nor can I sleep. I havn't known a minute's peace since you brought her East.

Winthrope.—So this is a long belated acceptance of my long extended invitation to come and live with us here?

Jane.—No. (*Crosses back of settee.*) After serious deliberation I have crossed the continent to make a point-blank proposal which, if made by letter, you would, probably have refused.

Winthrope.—(*Sitting on arm of large chair L.*) Yes?

Jane.—I want you to let me take Beatrice back home.

Winthrope.—(*Rising.*) Well—Your desires are—modest. (*He crosses to fireplace.*) I am a little curious to know how much you think you are asking of me?

Jane.—I think I am asking a great deal, but no more than you have the courage to grant.

Winthrope.—Jane, I can't help admiring your—force.

Jane.—Out West they call it "nerve." Are you prepared to answer?

Winthrope.—Yes. I flatly refuse.

Jane.—(*Sitting on settee.*) Then we'll dismiss the subject for the time being.

Winthrope.—We will dismiss it for all time. (*Pause.*)

Jane.—I suppose it doesn't interest you to know that I disagree?

Winthrope.—(*Crossing to her.*) I am grateful to you, Jane, for what you have done for my daughter. You have sent her to me an exquisitely bred young woman. But in as much as I acceded to my dying wife's request and turned little Beatrice over to you, I feel

justified now in insisting upon your living up to your part of the agreement. Eighteen years is a long time for a man to wait. You do not need to feel the loneliness I managed to live through, for you are more than welcome to share our home.

Jane.—(*Rising.*) You entirely misinterpret my motive.

Winthrope.—Then you are not desiring to take her back West because—you miss her?

Jane.—Not at all.

Winthrope.—You would not expect me to believe that you have not been lonely without her?

Jane.—(*Struggling with quick tears.*) My life is as barren as an arid plain.

Winthrope.—(*Crossing to her.*) I understand all that. This house is big enough for twenty people.

Jane—(*Crosses L. Winthrope goes R.*) My being here might not remedy matters. I want to take Beatrice back home for her own sake.

Winthrope.—Again I give you credit for possessing courage.

Jane.—Call it "nerve" if you wish. But you are right—it wasn't easy to say that.

Winthrope.—I think we understand each other. In what way am I not eligible as a father? Too much money? Too much physician? Too much what?

Jane.—I am not especially objecting to you. It is the entire situation which is dangerous. I don't want my little Beatrice to make the mistake her mother did. (*The shot goes home. There is a pause.*) It was a mistake, wasn't it?

Winthrope.—No man ever loved a woman more tenderly than I loved your sister.

Jane.—Love alone doesn't bring happiness. There must be a union—(*From the hall L. come the laughter and gay voices of Beatrice and Harold.*) That is what I object to.

Winthrope.—Not to my taking a promising lad into my heart?

Jane.—No; but I most strenuously object to your daughter following your example. (*The gay conversation has come close now, and Beatrice and Harold enter. He is manly, attractive; she beautiful, the finest type of American young womanhood.*)

Beatrice.—We are late, father. (*She sees Jane L.*) Aunt Jane! Aunt Jane! (*She rushes into her arms.*)

Jane.—My dear! My dear! (*There is a battle with tears, Harold goes R. Winthrope after searching, draws from his pockets two handkerchiefs and advances.*)

Withrope.—May I proffer—(*the women laugh.*) May I present my young friend? Miss Kingston, this is Harold Batchelor.

Jane.—(*Extending her hand.*) How do you do?

Harold.—I have heard a great deal about you, Miss Kingston—wonderful things.

Jane.—Thank you. I have been reading a little about you. Bea's letters—

Beatrice.—Oh, I didn't *begin* to write—

Jane.—What!

Beatrice.—I mean—Oh, I'm so glad you've come, Aunt Jane! I can't tell you how glad.

Jane.—My dear! (*Tears threaten.*)

Harold.—I'll—I'll go take my daily dozen on the tennis court. Pardon me. (*Exits through French doors at back.*)

Winthrope.—Shall I follow?

Beatrice.—No, father, let's all talk. (*She removes her hat. Winthrope places the large chair L. nearer the settee and seats Jane, then sits upon settee. The stage darkens gradually, but the rays from the lowering sun bathe the conservatory with golden light. The birds sing. Beatrice, having placed her hat upon the desk at back goes to the French doors drinking in the birds' song and the sunlight.*)

Beatrice.—The East is beautiful—I love its varying greens. But our sunsets at home are grander.

Winthrope.—You haven't been quite content here, have you, dear?

Beatrice.—Yes. only—

Winthrope.—We havn't been able to entirely fill your life.

Beatrice.—Of course, I couldn't forget. I didn't want to. (*She comes down and sits beside her father. The birds sing.*) Aunty taught me such wonderful things. Father, do you think love is stronger than death—that it survives death?

Winthrope.—What do you think?

Beatrice.—I think it does. (*There is a pause, then the girl goes on.*) Father, do you think a girl brought up as I have been—very religiously, you know—could be happy married to a man who does not understand?

Winthrope.—Do you love Harold, Beatrice?

Beatrice.—I think I do, only—

Winthrope.—And he?

Beatrice.—I think he loves me.

Winthrope.—My dear, love is the greatest gift life has to offer, yet you are not content?

Beatrice.—No. If my mother—

Winthrope.—Your mother's voice is silent.

Jane.—(*Rising.*) Raymond, forgive me—I guess I am one of the fools in the proverb about angels, but—

Winthrope.—Let us be frank.

Jane.—Very well, I happened upon a book that was lying upon your desk. A verse was marked. (*Gets book from desk. It opens automatically. She hands it to Winthrope.*)

Winthrope.—(*Without looking into the book.*)

"And I think in the lives of most women and men,
There's a time when all would go smooth and even,
If only the dead could find out when
To come back and be forgiven."

I forgave her without her asking—without her knowing there was anything to forgive—but she has never come back.

Beatrice.—What was there to forgive, father?

Winthrope.—She never let me be to her what she was to me.

Beatrice.—What do you mean?

Winthrope.—I mean that she was my heaven and earth. She and my work were all I needed—they filled my life. I failed with her, for she was never entirely content.

Beatrice.—She loved you?

Winthrope.—*Yes.* (*The three fall to thinking. Jane, still holding the book, withdraws to fireplace. The birds sing and out of the music the girl's voice rises softly.*)

Beatrice.—She had a vision of the meaning of life—a glimpse of things bigger than this existence—of eternal progress—of final destiny.

Winthrope.—My dear, your mother lives in you. She used to talk just that way.

Beatrice.—Don't you see, father?

Winthrope.—No. Love should be greater than religious law.

Beatrice.—Love *is* religious law, isn't it, Aunt Jane? Out of love was the law written, and the law is bigger than earthly love. (*She rises and crosses to the conservatory. Jane sits before the fireplace.*) Oh, things are strange!

Winthrope.—For instance—

Beatrice.—For instance? What can I say? (*She stands a moment listening to the bird's song, then comes down C.*) Father, who whispers the words that fall into our hearts with silent voices? Joan of Arc heard voices. Who tells me things which I could not know of myself? Sometimes I have thought my mother—(*Winthrope rises and crosses to door R.*) Father, you said a while ago.—

Winthrope.—I said that she has never come back.

Beatrice.—Perhaps she has tried to speak to you and you could not hear.

Winthope.—Of course, I don't know about that. I am in the dark.

Beatrice.—Do you mind if I talk a little—foolishly, Doctor Winthrope?

Winthrope.—(*Crossing toward center.*) I am all attention.

Beatrice.—I must speak seriously, now, and then we can lay it by. I have felt as if some unseen friend, someone who cares for me—I have

thought it was she—has held a light before my eyes, and in spite of my love for Harold I am afraid of disobedience. You know so much. Can love alone bring happiness? Why does she wish to give me this message?

Winthrope.—My dear—

Jane.—(*Rises.*) My dear Raymond, have mercy on fools who rush in.

Winthrope.—(*Surprised into laugh.*) My dear Jane, you may be an angel in disguise.

Jane.—Let us hope so. I must speak. Tell this girl the truth. In spite of love, in spite of all you could give her, was my sister happy, married to you who did not—understand?

Winthrope.—(*After a pause.*) No. (*He rises and goes to conservatory doors. Beatrice goes R.*)

Jane.—(*Left C.*) Yet you would marry Beatrice to—

Winthrope.—To the finest young man of my acquaintance. However, you presume a little when you take it for granted that my mind is made up.

Jane.—Your letter implied that you did not object.

Winthrope.—(*Coming down C.*) In the light of logic, how can I? What is there to object to? Harold is the kind of boy fathers are glad to give their daughters to, and girls are proud to win. Yet, for the sake of religion, which is only one factor in life—I must snatch her away and send her back to a cottage in a small town. She must turn her back upon culture, art, society, and position for what? To be numbered with those who "believe." Believe what? I believe in God, in Christ, in morality, integrity, humanity. How am I different from you? Are my manhood, my achievements nothing? Yet because I could not see what your sister called "eternal truth" she shut me out from her holy of holies. She called our marriage an unequal yoke. And now you come and want to take away my little girl. I say to you, by the God we both respect, the inequality does not fall upon your house alone.

Beatrice.—(*Crossing to him.*) Father! My dear father, I love you. I'll not leave you. (*She slips into his arms.*) It's only this: we girls like to have our fathers for ever and ever. I have felt that mother is sad—somewhere—because we are not hers for ever and ever.

Winthrope.—I shall be yours for ever and you shall be mine; through my love I will claim you.

Beatrice.—Love is not enough. All things must be governed by law. Don't you see? (*He is silent.*) Can't you see?

Winthrope.—Not what you refer to, my dear. However, I see something else quite clearly.

Beatrice.—Something else?

(*Jane crosses L. and replaces the book on Winthrope's desk as Harold, carrying tennis racquet, enters through the conservatory.*)

Harold.—Tears dried?

Winthrope.—They are only just begun.

Harold.—(*Coming down.*) Oh, I say—(*Beatrice crosses to Jane.*)

Winthrope.—I want to talk to you, my boy, while the ladies dress for dinner.

Beatrice.—We will not be long. (*Beatrice and Jane exit through the door left. Winthrope crosses to fireplace. Harold remains C.*)

Winthrope.—I have just decided to allow Miss Kingston to take Beatrice West again. There the girl can make her own decision about remaining or returning here. In fairness to you, I wish to make an explanation.

Harold.—What is it, Sir?

Winthrope.—As far as you are able to judge, you sincerely love my daughter?

Harold.—I do.

Winthrope.—And you desire—?

Harold.—My *great* desire is to make her my wife. Have I done something to merit your displeasure?

Winthrope.—Not at all. I am merely trying to be fair to both you and Beatrice. Sit down. (*Harold sits upon settee. Winthrope goes C.*) When I was your age I married Bea's mother. I think no two young people ever loved more truly. But we were not happy—not united.

Harold.—What divided you?

Winthrope.—Religion.

Harold.—But Beatrice and I—

Winthrope.—Oh, I know. One thinks at twenty, that love can surmount anything. At forty one is humble. You think possession of the woman you love will bring happiness; I know, through pain, that to a lover happiness comes only through possession of all a woman has to give—her heart, her hopes, her thoughts, her belief. My wife and I were divided over the most sacred thing a man and woman can bring into the home—their God.

Harold.—But Beatrice—

Winthrope.—Beatrice is just like her mother—tender, yielding, exquisite, but where her religion is concerned, she is like Gibraltar.

Harold.—(*Rising.*) I honor her for that.

Winthrope.—So do I. I wish I could see, but I can't. It's a queer philosophy my daughter's people have, that only some can see. Perhaps they are right; I don't know. At least, I haven't their vision. But I don't want Beatrice and you to suffer what we suffered. I shall send my daughter back West with Miss Kingston. Visit them. Open your heart to the message they think they have to give. If you can accept, Beatrice is yours, and my blessing and possessions go with her. If you cannot, I stoutly withhold my consent. I am not concerned with your im-

mortal soul, my boy, but I am determined to avert a catastrophe. You need not expect Beatrice to retract. She has within her heart a love which even I think is stronger than death, and yet—it's getting late; you had better change for dinner. (*He drops down to settee. The stage has darkened. Harold crosses L., then goes to Winthrope.*)

Harold.—You have—sort of bowled me over, doctor. But at least I wish to express my thanks for your concern.

Winthrope.—Advice is what old people are good for.

Harold.—Advice is cold. A little while ago the sun was shining, and now—

Winthrope.—(*Going to Harold.*) My boy, a little unembittered sorrow is nothing compared to a life-time of regret.

Harold.—But perhaps I can't see. You are rather hard.

Winthrope.—I am a surgeon. As a last resort I amputate to save life. For both your sakes, if you cannot see, you must forget. That is final.

Harold.—I believe you understand that I shall do my best—to see, as you term it.

Winthrope.—I do. Good luck. (*He shakes Harold's hand, who exits hurriedly L. Winthrope drops thoughtfully upon the settee, now, bathed in a sunset glow from the doors R.*)

"And I think in the lives of most women and men
There's a time when all would be smooth and even.
If only the dead could find out when
To come back and . . . . . "

(*He expresses, silently, sorrow at his failure in attempting to communicate with the woman he loves. Suddenly his face lights with thought.*)

Winthrope.—I wonder if she would have come back, if the yoke had been equal?

Curtain

Bits Of Philosophy

It is better to be clean than to be clever.

Wisdom is just horse sense, right on the job.

Purity of heart is the only fountain of eternal youth.

A book that a flapper or vamp champ can understand is hardly worth understanding.

You are a real Saint if you feel just a little ashamed of your fine clothes, when you see your neighbors in rags.

The worst thing you know about yourself is the best thing to remember about yourself; it will save on your hat bill.

Virtue is the pure disposition to use one's bodily strength for the perpetuity and ennoblement of human life, for the glory of God.

NEPHI JENSEN.

THE BUSINESS OF YOUTH

(*Improvement Era* Prize Jubilee Essay)

By Venice Farnsworth Anderson

Venice Farnsworth Anderson

The restive age of youth encompasses the sum total of human passions, hope, aspirations, joys and sorrows since the world began, welded into one varied, seething mass. Its ever changing spirit is like the rippling of clear mountain streams, the mad rush of the raging torrent, the despondency of stagnant pools, the furious flare of leaping flames, the delightful cool of forest shade and moss-covered rocks, the blazing heat of a desert day which at night will be bathed in the tranquility of a golden moon.

From this youth the world expects and has received many of its grandest efforts. It furnishes the fuel which gives to the world its dynamic force and keeps the machinery of civilization turning. When a great cause must be won, when an international citadel is to be taken or a bridge held against fearful odds, when superhuman heroism and vibrant energy are needed, the world calls on its youth to perform the tasks. And glorious youth, without a thought of self, sallies forth and wins, though it sacrifice its very existence in so doing.

But though the world would surely stagnate without its youth, had it no forces except youth, it would run a riotous journey and end, no doubt, in some violent catastrophe. So the youth must learn to curb his furious strength and to mould his surging impulses into something stable, reliable, consistent, a socialized character.

It is the business of youth to make the most possible of himself in whatever sphere of action he may be placed. The undertaking is immeasurably difficult because the young boy steps all unconsciously from childhood to the myriad and diversified problems of youth. Rousseau tells us that "a man is born twice—once to exist, the second time to live." Upon the youth devolves the responsibility of beginning to live. Aided by no possible previous experience, without

his own volition, he passes from a world of physical habits and selfish reactions to external stimuli, to a world of ideals, evaluations, reflective thought and social responsibility.

The human child is a barbarian, an individualist. He lives for himself and is largely unconscious that his acts have any influence upon others. Gradually, through the persistent efforts of his parents, teachers and associates, he begins to acquire some of the virtues demanded by society. He learns to love, to obey, to co-operate. He is changing from childhood to youth. Then with appalling abruptness the new life dawns. With the enlargement of his muscles and bones and the development of new bodily functions comes the re-birth. He has left forever the old world which existed around him, to which he scarcely realized that he belonged except that he got his food and playmates from it, and has entered the new social world of which he feels he is an important part.

Here he first begins seriously to consider his own actions, to reflect upon his conduct, to decide whether or not he should continue to steal watermelons or should commence to smoke cigarettes. He is developing his "reflective personality." Before this time he was acting largely under his parents' authority. Now he knows that he is capable of being guided, to some extent at least, by his own judgment. He knows that his acts may injure or benefit society. With this knowledge he should feel, but alas, often does not, a keen sense of responsibility. He is no longer the innocent, care-free child, but is a distinct, social personality responsible for his acts to his own conscience and to society. He has the whole world before him which is to conquer him or to be conquered by him.

The youth who wishes to conquer the world, to perform well the great business of life, the living of a truly successful life, must keep constantly in mind three basic lines of development. These are the mental, the emotional and the physical life. Of these three the physical self is perhaps most important because it is most fundamental. It forms the immediate environment in which the whole personality must develop. A glorious spirit seldom dwells in a degenerate body. A master mind, in fact, may be destroyed if the body by mishap or by wrong living becomes badly diseased. And certainly there is nothing which gives more joy to the lucky youth who possesses it and to all those who see it than does an evenly developed physique abounding in health and energy.

Equally important with physical development, however, is physical conservation. The most superb constitution can easily be ruined by too strenuous living during the growing years. Too many joy rides and chocolate creams, too little sleep, too little whole wheat bread, too many cups of coffee, and forced races or swimming meets may mean disaster to the man. All too many adults at thirty-five look back, sick at heart, to the time when they were sixteen and wish that they had lived differently. What would they not give to

have taken care of their eyes, their teeth and their stomachs, to have brushed their hair and kept their muscles in "good tone?" Just a little care along the way would have made different men of them.

These physical habits which mean so much to a man's well being should be developed by constant repetition under parents' supervision, during childhood. But if a boy has been lazy and his parents neglectful, the habits of regular, healthful living must be acquired in adolescence, otherwise, a wonderful body may degenerate for mere lack of care.

The successful youth of today must be not only physically strong but mentally trained. He must be "educated." By that we mean trained so that he may successfuly cope with the problems which come before him. In order to do this he must store his brain with a goodly supply of usable facts; not knowledge in cold storage so frozen up that it will not thaw out, but knowledge which leaps from an active brain eager to solve any practical problem of life. When a boy studies he should think, "In what way am I going to be able to use this knowledge?" For unless knowledge can be applied in every day ways it is nothing but so much dead timber.

The problem of mental training has two distinct phases which in adult life should overlap and weld into a synthesized whole. These are the cultural and the vocational. From the cultural, we expect training which will aid us in forming our ideals, our sense of appreciation and of proper utilization. From the vocational, we demand specific training which fits us for efficient activity in a given profession or occupation.

In this busy world of ours it is essential that a boy train himself in some profession or trade, for to him has fallen the lot of being a bread winner. Without a vocation, some definite life's work, a man is usually a failure, a "make shift," buffeted around by every industrial wind that blows. A "skilled" workman is rarely out of a job, and there is always room in any community for an "expert" professional man. It is the "jacks of all trades and masters of none" and the mediocre doctors and lawyers who are always hunting work.

Because of the necessity of specialization in all lines of work today, a boy should begin as early as possible to receive definite training in his vocation. Though a rich youth may choose with more leisure, it is essential that a poor boy decide upon his work and train for it as quickly as he can. Otherwise, by the death of a parent or some such catastrophe he may be thrust into the stream of life without adequate training in any occupation. In such case, he will remain, in all probability, to the end of his days an unskilled and unfortunate workman, tied to distasteful work and odd jobs because of the necessity of earning his daily bread every day. He cannot stop even for a few weeks to study or train lest he starve.

That a wise youth will decide upon a vocation as quickly as possible is undeniable. In choosing his work, however, he must con-

sider many things. To be a real success, a vocation must perform a service to society. For this reason a young man must bear in mind the needs of society. A boy who will spend most of his days on a farm or ranch in southern Utah is foolish to spend much time in the study of foreign languages. His community, no matter how much he likes German or French, does not need them and will have little use for him. It might find him of priceless value, however, as a soil or cattle expert.

On the other hand, a young man must pay some attention to his own aptitudes. Most individuals are especially fitted for certain kinds of work and are disqualified for very different kinds. If a boy has an innate abhorence for blood or anything physical, he will probably never make a skillful surgeon. He may become a splendid civil engineer. If a young man hates machinery he will not prove to be a very good auto mechanic though he may be decidedly useful as a history teacher.

So many things are involved in this great choice which unfortunately must come early in life, that a sensible boy will consult the mature judgment of parents and teachers before he finally settles upon a vocation. For if he fail here, he wounds himself with a double-edged sword. Socially he is a "misfit," deprived of one of the greatest joys of life—the ability to carry his own economic burden and to aid the less fortunate in carrying theirs. From the personal standpoint he is a tragedy, deprived of the right to procure for himself a home and family. Unless he can take care of these he has no right to acquire them. No man can justify himself in wilfully becoming a burden to society.

Though perhaps a youth's most persistent mental task is to train specifically for his vocation, of scarcely less importance is his cultural training. "Culture" is that subtle quality which we all so desire and which places the happy possessor just a little ahead of ordinary men. It is the rare accomplishment which enables him to fit into some niche in society no matter where he finds himself, and to serve these with efficiency and joy. It gives him the power of adaptability and service.

The art of being cultured comes largely through a sympathetic knowledge of human nature. In a superficial form it may be easily acquired by travel and scholastic training. It is, therefore, frequently confused, by inexperienced and unlearned people, with wealth and mere external polish. These often give rise in an untrained person to snobbishness which is the exact opposite of true culture. A poor man in a small community may become cultured if he is a sincere student of his fellow men and their needs. A truly cultured man is "at home" in any society. Better still, no matter how great his wealth and education, he tries not to make a poor or an ignorant man uncomfortable in his presence.

Much of a cultural education consists in the formation of proper

mental concepts and ideals. A young man must learn to utilize the resources which are found in him, to know good things and good people when he sees them, to appreciate fine art, superb music and worthy literature, to realize when a genuine opportunity is before him, to distinguish between a vital problem and an insignificant issue. For after all, the attitude he takes toward life and each problem as it comes to him, determines whether or not he shall be happy or unhappy, successful or unsuccessful throughout life.

The training which does much to aid him in this undertaking is derived from the study of history, literature, ethics, economics, sociology, biology, theology, physics, in fact any subject which broadens his outlook on life and gives him the ability and the desire to understand and to serve his fellowmen.

There is another task set for youth, however, infinitely more difficult than the acquiring and keeping of a splendid physique or the training of remarkable mental powers, both practical and cultural. This is the training of the religious and emotional self. Just as youth is the dynamic force in civilization, the religion and the emotions are the dynamic force in each youth. Without them he would be static, without feelings, without desires to act.

The strength of a human personality is determined, to a great extent, by the strength of his emotions. But mere strength is a dangerous force. Therefore, the youth who is blessed with great emotional power must subject his feelings to the guiding light of his intellect. The better he has trained his intellect, the better he should be able to train his emotions. If he does not discipline his emotions he will be like a powerful engine rushing hither and thither without the guiding hand of an engineer.

A moral personality which can withstand temptation and act for the best in the majority of cases, cannot be developed in a day. It is the result of countless situations in which the individual had strong feelings in more than one direction and made between these emotions a choice which resulted in definite action. The building of character begins the instant a child makes his first conscious choice between good and bad. With each succeeding action which is of sufficient importance to demand the exercising of will power, some emotion becomes stronger and its opposite weaker. The problem before the normal growing youth then is to develop desirable emotions by use, and to inhibit the undesirable, by lack of use. In the end he will then be, not a weakling who wants to do right but cannot, but a stable, socialized personality blessed with a keen intellect capable of making wise decisions, and an emotional make-up which has the power to desire and the will to act rightly.

Of inestimable value to a young man, in the training of his emotions, is the belief in the true religion of Jesus Christ. Though in his youth he may not hope to grasp this religion in all its fulness, he must struggle toward it as his most valuable possession.

For the religion of Jesus Christ, if properly understood, embraces all truth, is the standard in all things. It answers the crying need in every mortal man for a higher, better life. It gives content and purpose to every phase of life. The man who holds in his heart the religion of Christ is never, not even in his darkest hours, in doubt as to whether or not the universe is real. He knows with a surety which brings peace to his soul that God lives, that Jesus Christ is the Redeemer of the world, that life is good, and that effort even unto death, is worth while. His faith in the ultimate good of humanity and in the existence of the supreme, personal, beneficent God gives him at once a priceless joy, and an ever advancing goal toward which to struggle.

But religion which is to be a valuable force is not a sudden growth. It is the result of the gradual development of religious habits of conduct. By training in childhood and early youth, a boy must acquire a spiritual nature. He must cultivate prayerfulness and devotion. Above all, he must be taught faith in God and in his work and world; faith, that God-bestowed gift which has ever brought hope to the heart of man throughout the dim ages. In our age it has been the driving force in and furnished the incentive for every great discovery.

Next to a thorough going devotion to the doctrines and commandments of God, possibly the strongest single factor for good in a boy's life is the right kind of sweetheart. No boy who has been so sincerely devoted to the Lord and who has cherished the friendship of a clever, high-minded girl has ever gone astray. Many an adult human wreck, however, can trace his first false steps to the insidious influence of a demoralized girl.

The value of good home environment in the life of a boy cannot be overestimated, but few boys have the opportunity deliberately to choose their homes. Most boys, however, may choose their girl friends. And yet how few youths select their girl associates by any rules at all except the absurd fascination of red cheeks, blue eyes, and ever curled hair. They gain their ideals of glorious womanhood from some vain, frivolous girl whose most weighty problems are how to make her eye lashes grow and what shaped hats to buy. They do not choose their boy friends by the color of their eyes and the curve of their lips, why choose their girl friends in this way?

Some boys are foolish enough to go out with only those girls who enjoy "spooning." The wise youth realizes that a girl who refuses to "spoon" is the girl who has too much respect for her own personality and for the boy's manhood to indulge in such intimate conduct which must lead eventually to love or to disagreement. Pure friendship cannot survive "spooning." And friendship is a more priceless treasure between young people than love.

Good sense, friendliness, cheerfulness, capability, sympathy, are assets much more valuable than fine clothes or curly hair. Young men cannot look for the worthwhile virtues too carefully among their girl

friends for just so sure as association with a sweet, high-minded girl will develop the right kind of emotions and ideals in a boy, association with a girl of low standards will bring out the worst in him.

If a boy has not a good home, an uplifting religion, based on the gospel of Jesus Christ, or a high-minded girl to help him to walk aright, his next best aid is a superior ethical code, which by giving him a criterion for his conduct will help him to develop worthy emotions and sound ideals.

His code must direct him to make the best possible use of his life. To do this he must schedule his days so that he will not waste valuable hours. If he works on schedule he will find that he has time for recreation as well as for work. To be a success in his work he must acquire numerous ideals of industry. He must apply himself with regularity, thoroughness and dependability. Nothing is so irritating to an overseer as a job half done. In the end painstaking persistence will win out over more brilliant qualities.

He must learn that procrastination is a real thief. He will avoid it as a profligate consumer of time In its place he will build up the habit of punctuality until tardiness becomes almost an impossibility.

The wise youth will avoid the habit of indecision as the slow slayer of will power. He will learn to consider each problem carefully, but when his mind is once made up he will act with firmness. Then even though he makes mistakes, he will at least avoid the misfortune of being a neutral personality.

One of the most pleasing attributes which a youth can cultivate is that of cheerfulness. A cheerful person looks for the best instead of the worst in everything and usually finds something worthwhile in every situation. He is a joy wherever he goes, and the world is actually brighter because of his presence. It is easy for the care-free, irresponsible character to be cheerful. In that case cheerfulness is no virtue but rather the mere absence of a necessary sense of responsibility. "But the man worthwhile is the man who can smile when everything goes dead wrong."

As a youth trains his emotions he will become master of them. By constant practice of his will power, he will be able to act as his intellect and his religious and moral standards direct. His ideals, once mere dreams, will become an active. vital part of himself. He will possess the countless, simple virtues which form the framework of a noble character.

Then almost unconsciously he will acquire the great, complex virtues. He will possess "personal poise," the quality which comes with the knowledge that he is master of himself. With this power sufficiently developed he can quell a mob by the mere force of his personality.

Accompanying the tremendous power born of self-mastery should be a counteracting gentleness of spirit. For the truly great man must be a gentle-man. He realizes that the basis of courtesy is consideration

for others which develops with the desire to be tactful and kind. So the youth who wishes to possess a great personality must be magnanimous. He must have a deep-seated respect for personality, his own as well as others.

It is not always easy to be kind or even sincere. The human species loves praise and hates ridicule. There are times in the life of every boy when to be noble he must exercise one of the most difficult of all virtues, moral courage. In the face of jeers and abuse he must be able to stand for what is right even though the whole world turn against him.

If he possesses moral courage to a marked degree he will be likely to possess also the all inclusive virtue of loyalty. Loyalty gives a youth the power to devote himself wholeheartedly to whatever cause he wishes to advance. Without this devotion, ideals are empty dreams and convictions are trash. So a boy must cultivate loyalty, first of all to self, for unless a man can be true to himself he cannot be true to any man. Next he must be loyal to his home, the cradle of all his possibilities. He must be loyal to his church, to his school, to his community, to his nation, to humanity. If he slights any of these he is failing to repay the great debt which he owes to the human race and to his God, for all the gifts he has received. If he practices loyalty, he will acquire through the coming years that generosity of spirit which desires to live and to let live so that every human soul through equality of opportunity may develop to the greatest possible degree. He will preserve the richness and vigor of youth and acquire the wisdom and glory of age.

What Has to be Done

Not the family traits nor the gifts I inherit,
Nor the trophies my fathers have won,
Are half in the race with the gospel of merit,
That measures the leagues I must run—
It's hitting the pace just a little bit stronger
It's toughing it out just a little bit longer,
And doing what has to be done!
Doing it cheerfully, willingly, manfully,
The thing that has got to be done.

It isn't the family prestige or station,
That carries from father to son,
It isn't my town, or my state, or my nation,
That makes me a lustrous one—
It's keeping my heritage whole and entire,
It's lifting the standard a little bit higher,
And doing what has to be done!
Doing it cheerfully, willingly, manfully,
The thing that has got to be done.

Mesa, Arizona BERTHA A. KLEINMAN

BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA

Improvement Era Boy Scout Prize Jubilee Song.

MRS. PEARL TIMPSON

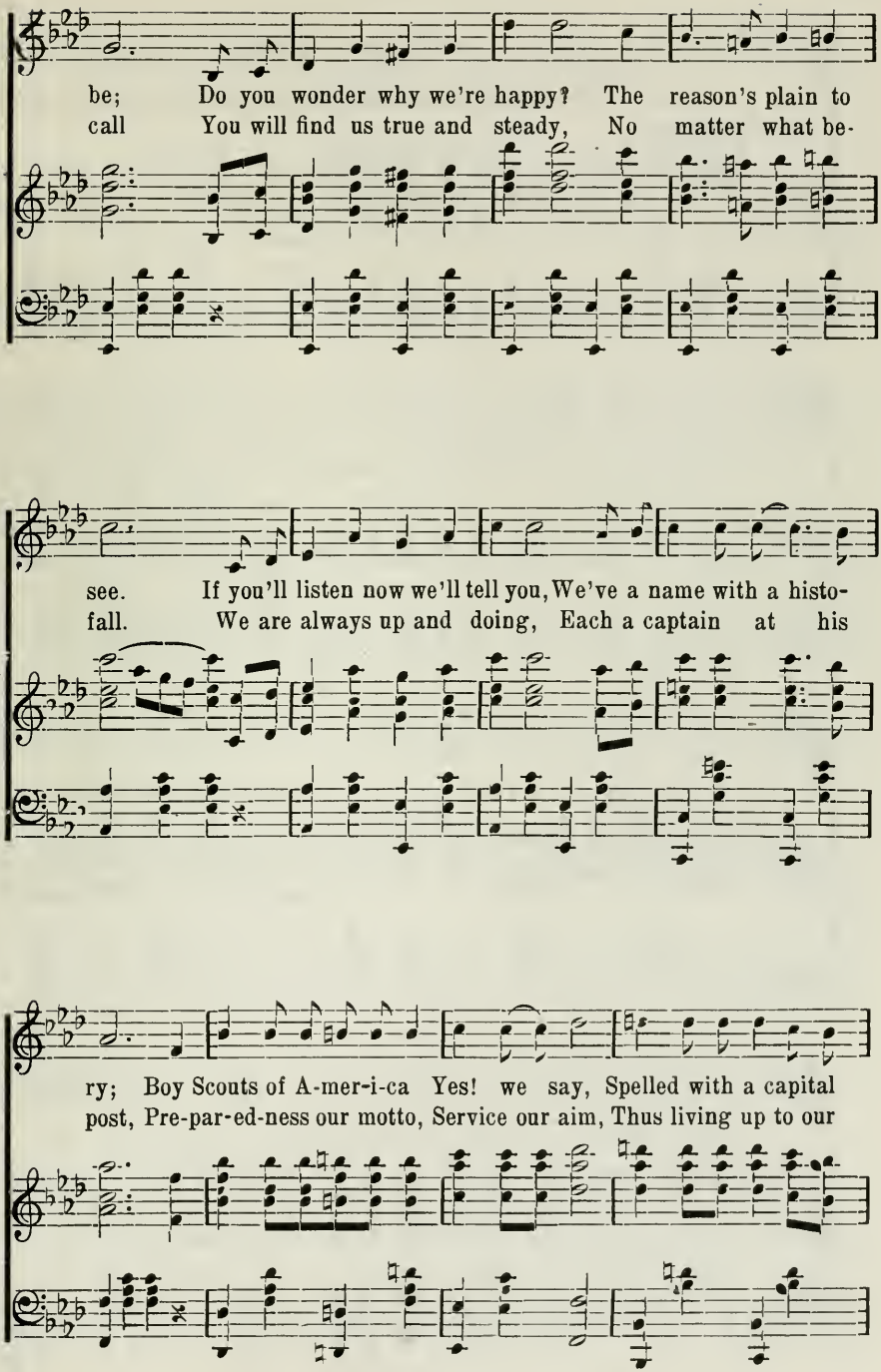
Words and Music by
MRS PEARL TIMPSON.

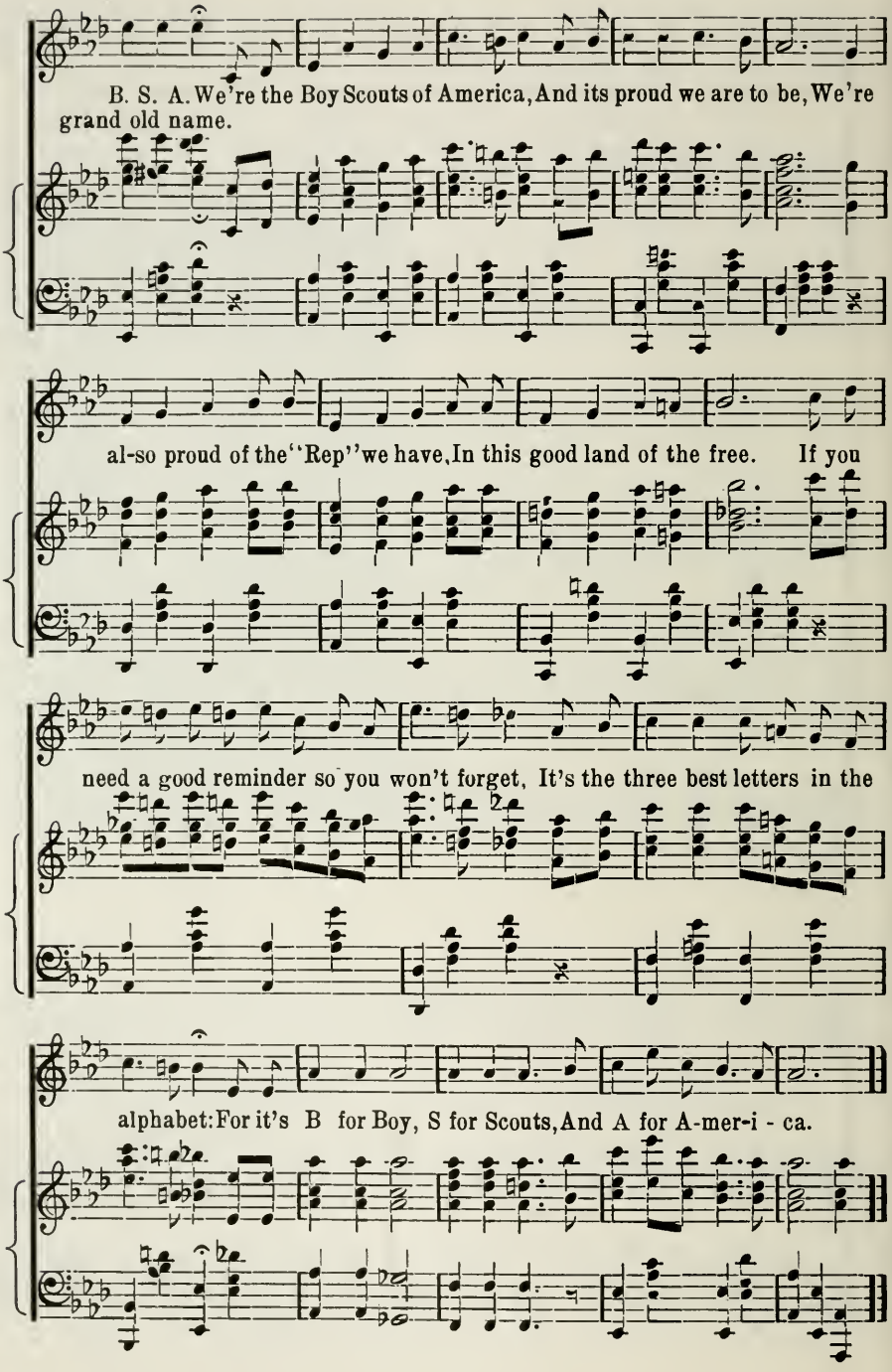
Marcia con Spirito.

Intro.

8va.

1. We're a jol - ly bunch of chappies, And we have just cause to
2. We are minute men and ready At each sound of du - ty's


be; Do you wonder why we're happy? The reason's plain to
call You will find us true and steady, No matter what be-
see. If you'll listen now we'll tell you, We've a name with a histo-
fall. We are always up and doing, Each a captain at his
ry; Boy Scouts of A-mer-i-ca Yes! we say, Spelled with a capital
post, Pre-par-ed-ness our motto, Service our aim, Thus living up to our


B. S. A. We're the Boy Scouts of America, And its proud we are to be, We're grand old name.
al-so proud of the "Rep" we have, In this good land of the free. If you
need a good reminder so you won't forget, It's the three best letters in the
alphabet: For it's B for Boy, S for Scouts, And A for A-mer-i - ca.

THE BEGINNING OF THE "IMPROVEMENT ERA" 1897

By B. H. Roberts
of the First Council of Seventy and President
of the Eastern States Mission

In the early summer of 1896, the writer was called to fill a preaching mission through the principal cities of the Central and Eastern portions of the United States, with Elders George D. Pyper, Melvin J. Ballard and Edward Midgley.

Before starting on this mission, however, the writer had been appointed on a committee to make a survey of the status of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association at that time. It was then quite generally conceded that these associations for the spiritual, moral and intellectual uplift of the young men of Zion, were not functioning as perfectly as they should, and it was suggested that a report on their condition, following careful investigation of the causes of deterioration, might result to their advantage. I do not remember definitely all the membership of that committee, but I think that Rudger Clawson, Thomas Hull, Bryant S. Hinckley, Edward H. Anderson, and myself were the committee; and I think, by the way, that I was chairman of this body of investigators of Mutual Improvement. I had already been called to fill the above mentioned mission throughout the larger cities of the middle and eastern states, and I remember that this circumstance lent to the investigation, and the report subsequently based upon it, a sense of freedom that was indeed gratifying. It will be enough to say of the report of this committee that it was quite drastic in several respects, too bold, in the opinion of some of the committee, although I believe there was finally complete agreement upon the recommendations made.

Almost immediately after submitting this report to the Presidency of the Church, the writer went upon his mission, in which he continued for nearly one year. Meantime, the report submitted was discussed by the Superintendency and General Board through quite a number of sessions, and very generally agreed upon, though some of the committee's recommendations were not acted upon, at least at that time.

The Contributor, for seventeen years the organ of the associations, discontinued publication on the 1st of October, 1896, so there was no medium through which the members and the associations of the organization could be directly reached. It was therefore suggested that one of the things absolutely essential to unity of effort, and the success of the revival of the organization was that an organ of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association should be revived; that the Mutual Improvement cause could not more than half live with-

out such an organ. No definite action was taken as to how the revival of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement periodical could be started, until the writer returned from his completed mission tour to the chief cities of the middle West and Eastern states, in the late summer of 1897. Then, as I remember it, the committee on the subject of said periodical was appointed, of which the writer was a member, but I do not recall, with certainty, the names of the associate members, but the question of the periodical was very earnestly considered.

The main obstacle to the undertaking was the question of capital. We had no means with which to start, no prospect of making a successful loan of capital, and we were given to understand from the office of the Trustee in Trust of the Church, that the financial condition of the Church, at that time, would not warrant any hope of financial aid from that quarter, either in the commencement of such an enterprise, or further along in its development. We must rely upon our own resources, and of these we seemingly, for a time, had none.

All details of the interesting discussion had upon this subject now no longer remain in sufficient clearness in my mind for me to venture upon giving an account of them; but this I know was the outcome of the deliberation: The strong assertion that those who supposed we had no capital with which to begin the publication of the organ for the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association were entirely mistaken. Our capital was the interest of the young men of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in the Mutual Improvement cause; and that had only to be appealed to, and drawn upon, in order to be sufficient and permanent in the maintenance of the Young Men's organ. It was urged with complete confidence that if our case were fittingly presented to the young men of the Church, and our determination to publish such an organ was strong enough, that we could supply the capital by asking our young men for a one year's subscription to the magazine, strictly in advance, and before any numbers were printed at all.

Rather a unique plan this, for raising capital, and many were the predictions of failure should we attempt to execute it! But the committee in charge were then young men, and represented at that time the spirit of faith and confidence in things undertaken, characteristic of the young men of the Church; and so the plan, with some misgivings was assented to, and a campaign for raising the capital was planned. The general outline of that plan, as I now recall it, was first of all to adopt a name, have the management and editorial staff appointed, and then send out campaigning companies into all the territory occupied by the Church organizations to solicit subscriptions. The business management was placed in the capable and enthusiastic hands of Heber J. Grant, as business manager, with Thomas Hull, assistant, and the editors were announced as Joseph F. Smith and B. H. Roberts.

As already stated the appeal to be made for the establishment of

this organ of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association was to represent the fact that the young men of the Church were to be considered the capital of the publication; and that they were to subscribe for the monthly magazine by payment, strictly in advance, of the subscription price of $2 per annum. The dividend upon their capital was to come as value received in the excellence of the proposed periodical, and in the fact that their organization had an organ. I do not now remember the number of canvassing companies that went out to make good this plan, but I do know that there were several and they visited practically all parts of the Church territory where Improvement Associations existed.

Some members of the General Board, being members of the Council of Twelve and the First Council of Seventy, took the matter up in the quarterly conferences which they happened to be attending, during the two or three months remaining of 1897. Several stake superintendents of the Y. M. M. I. A. took up the work in their respective stakes, and in this way added many subscribers. The Company of canvassers with which the writer was associated was assigned a group of counties in northern Utah and southern Idaho, and their tour occupied something more than a month or six weeks and was somewhat typical of other groups who went out upon the same mission. Our territory consisted of the Afton stake, in Wyoming, Bear Lake and Oneida stake, Idaho and Cache stake, Utah. The personnel of our party included the late Robert Easton, and his wife Jeanette Young Easton, Thomas Hull and his wife Margaret Hull, Douglas M. Todd, Viola Pratt Gillett and her mother, Mrs. Milando Pratt, Walter S. Lamoreaux, and myself. Those who are acquainted with the personnel of this company will at once surmise that it was strong for its singing talent, especially in the personages of "Bob" Easton. Viola Pratt Gillett, Mrs. Margaret Hull, and Mr. Lamoreaux. They were to give concerts and the rest of us were to represent the prose proposition of raising the *Era's* capital. It was a very delightful journey through the mountains and valleys of the territory to be traversed, in these late months of 1897. Before it was concluded the shooting season had opened, and the game of the sage brush plains and the marshes of Bear Lake, and the river flowing from it, afforded some sport, as also did the streams we whipped somewhat with fly hooks, but the chief enjoyment was in meeting the good people who yielded to the spell of our singers, and the earnestness, if not the eloqunce, of those who presented the cause of the *Improvement Era.* Easton and his associate singers were at their best. Something in the outdoor life, and meeting in the homes, seemed to give a touch of romance to our undertaking. Everyone was cheerful, and we often went serenading the people at their homes in out-of-the-way places. There "Bob" Easton, in Scotch songs, and Viola Pratt Gillett, in sentimental ones, with solos by Sister Hull and duets and trios thrown in for good measure, in which Lamoreaux joined, together with choruses and hymns in which

even Hull and myself sometimes swelled the chorus, seemed to be taken as currency for the large draughts of buttermilk and lunches our company consumed.

Everywhere our public meetings were well attended, subscriptions for the forthcoming magazine rolled up on every hand, until we were satisfied that if the other companies of canvassers were as successful as our company was, the organ for the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association was assured.* And that is what came to pass. In other parts of the Church territory, as well as in ours, everywhere the young men of Israel responded to this appeal, and became the *capital,* and the only capital with which the magazine started. That has remained true throughout all the twenty-eight years of the magazine's existence, except perhaps for some accumulations that have resulted from some of the fat years of the plan's operations. The young men, as I understand it, now are, and doubtless will continue to be the *capital* of the *Improvement Era,* now the organ of not only the Young Men's Association, but of the Priesthood Quorums, and of the Schools of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Long may it continue in its successful career, and distant, far distant be its euthanasia.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Stop and Think—

Before you fly into a tantrum because the toast is burned at breakfast. You wouldn't do such a thing, if you'd been properly trained or well thrashed when a child.

Stop and think before you scold the children for talking while you read the morning paper. Probably you have an abused stomach that won't allow you to concentrate on what you are trying to read.

Stop and think before you complain about your sleepless nights. Without a doubt you squander the time you should be in bed by doing something useless.

Stop and think before you find fault with those with whom you live. You have no more right not to control your temper than they have.

Stop and think before you blame everyone for everything that goes wrong with you. When, maybe, it is some foolish habit of your own that distorts your ideas and vision.

Stop and think before you say it is your nerves. Indigestion often causes nerves; gluttony causes indigestion.

Moderation in all things indicates a well balanced individual.

San Diego, California. D. C. RETSLOFF.

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*Elder Brigham Young of the Council of the Twelve, stated at a General Board meeting, in April, 1898, that the missionaries in California were greatly pleased with the *Era,* and that in our southern settlements wherever he had met the people, they were delighted with it. He said further that the publication of the *Era* was one of the most popular movements in many years.—*Editors.*

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE Y. M. M. I. A.

First Period

II

By Junius F. Wells

Pursuant to the instruction of the First Presidency, missionaries were appointed by the Central Committee to vigorously carry on the work. The *Deseret News*, which at this time was the Association's dependence for publicity, commented upon this procedure in the following editorial. As it, and the preceding circular signed by Elder John Nicholson as secretary, present evidences of his interest in the work, I will quote it at length:

MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT

Under the sanction and advice of the authorities of the Church a missionary system has been organized, in connection with the Central Committee of the Y. M. M. I. Associations, to visit the several societies throughout the Territory. A number of appointments of members of the societies have been made to the various M. I. Associations in this city and adjacent settlements and are being filled.

The missionaries are mostly young men, and besides their labors being of benefit to the societies visited by them, they are also conducive to their own advancement, giving them opportunities of becoming proficient in public speaking, and making it necessary to store their minds with useful knowledge, in order to acquit themselves with credit to the cause they are engaged in.

In this labor Elder Junius F. Wells, president of the Central Committee has recently been on a visit to some of the settlements of Davis county and lately took part in organizing an association at Kaysville.

These missionary labors among the young are for the purpose of increasing and maintaining an interest among them regarding religious, moral and intellectual culture.

We look upon it as a good work, promising most excellent results.—*Deseret News*, January 13, 1877.

Throughout the winter and spring of 1877 the missionaries appointed, as above, visited several counties, encouraging the Associations already formed and organizing others as opportunity afforded. Most active among the young men performing this labor were the following. They went in pairs and spent one, two, three or more days filling the respective appointments made for them: J. F. Wells, B. F. Cummings, Jr., Briant Stringham, Richard W. Young, Benjamin F. Howells, M. H. Hardy, Orson Woolley, Benjamin Cluff, Jr., V. L. Halliday, R. C. Badger and others, whose names I do not now recall; and I find no complete record.

It is, perhaps, relevant to say here that the practice of appointing special missionaries—young men chosen from the officers and active members of the Associations—obtained for several years, periodically. It gave those engaged in it a fine early practical missionary experience

DR. MILTON H. HARDY

Leading organizer and staunch worker in the early days of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association

and they were not only themselves much benefited by it; but attention to their qualifications for more extended missions was called to the notice of the Church. The committee of the apostles were so impressed by it that later they called upon the stake superintendents for names of the best qualified, to go on foreign missions; as indicated in the following letter sent to Elder Hardy and to the other stake superintendents:

Salt Lake City, U. T.
June 20, 1879.

Elder M. H. Hardy,
President of Y. M. M. I. Associations
of Utah Stake of Zion.

Dear Brother: We wish you to select and submit to us the names and addresses of, say one from each Mutual Improvement Association in your stake of Zion, the most faithful and competent young man, who lives his religion, possesses the faith of the gospel, and is also blessed with means to enable him to bear the necessary expenses of a mission to the United States, and report the same to President John Taylor, at his office, who will further direct in the matter.

Your early and careful attention to this will oblige,
Your Brethren in the gospel,
(Signed) *F. D. Richards,*
Jos. F. Smith.

Prior to this, in fact as early as April, 1877, I was requested by President Brigham Young, personally, to prepare a list of twenty or twenty-five young men, who were active in the associations, to take foreign missions. In this instruction I recall it was also specified that a number should be of such intelligence that they could readily acquire a knowledge of other languages, especially the Spanish, as it was intended to send some of them to Mexico. This requirement, by President Young, was made at St. George in April, 1877. I called upon the association officers there and consulted the bishops and other leading men—particularly Elders Erastus Snow, James G. Bleak and others, and prepared a list of twenty-two names, which they approved as eligible. At the head of it was the name of Anthony W. Ivins—then an officer of the St. George association, now first counselor in the presidency of the Church.

President Young and party left St. George for Salt Lake *via* Iron, Sevier and Sanpete counties, on the 16th of April. At the St. George tabernacle meeting, on Sunday the 15th, at which the president spoke, I was called to the stand and bore my testimony, saying also that I was proud of the fact that the Y. M. M. I. A. had so far prospered that we then numbered 130 associations, and about 5,000 members. He called upon me to speak at Parowan and at Richfield, on the homeward journey, in the interest of the associations.

President Young died on August 29, 1877. His son John W. soon afterwards departed for the East and lost active connection with the associations. As already mentioned, the latter months of the president's life were partly devoted to organizing stakes of Zion and

resuscitating the few that were in existence. I was present at several of the conferences where this was done, and took the keynote from that experience to effect stake organizations of the young men in harmony therewith, as will be seen from the following published in the *Deseret News*, November 19, 1877:

MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT

"The first meeting of the season of the Central Committee of the Y. M. M. I. A. was held at the Council House, on Saturday evening (Nov. 17).

"In consequence of other duties interfering with the performance of those of the secretaryship of the Commitee John Nicholson tendered his resignation of that position. Benjamin F. Cummings, Jr., was unanimously elected to fill the vacancy thus created. The officers now are: President, Junius F. Wells; Counselors, Milton H. Hardy and Rodney C. Badger; Secretary, Benjamin F. Cummings, Jr.; Assistant Secretary, Richard W. Young; Corresponding Secretary, George F. Gibbs; Treasurer, Mathoni W. Pratt.

"It is intended to appoint in each Stake of Zion a President whose duty it will be, among other things, to superintend or direct the missionary labors of members of the several associations; also to receive reports and condense them into one for the stake to be forwarded to the Central organization.

"We understand it is intended during the season to deliver a course of lectures, under the auspices of the Committee."

It was not a great while after this, in the Spring of 1878, that President John Taylor, who with the twelve apostles had succeeded, upon the demise of President Young, to the presiding authority in the Church, sent for me. I had an extended interview concerning the associations. President Taylor was very deeply interested in their work. He was better informed than I supposed about it; and he was very complimentary in his observations upon what had so far been done in its progress and development. He particularly approved of the proposal to effect Stake Superintendencies and gave us a key, which he admonished us always to use, *i. e.* to follow the example of the general Church organization; as it was expected that we should prepare men for responsible positions in the Church. This caused us later to appoint stake superintendents with two counselors, which had not at first been contemplated. President Taylor inquired about the circumstances of myself and Elder Hardy, my first counselor, to know if we were able and at liberty to devote the time required to go ahead and complete the stake organizations throughout the Church.

I told him that I would confer with Elder Hardy and report. He apprehended that we might need some help.

I reported to him, I think in May, 1878, that we were about prepared to go; that I had a four-spring wagon, which only needed some repairs; that Elder Hardy felt assured he could procure a span of horses and a driver. The President told me to send my wagon to the Church blacksmith shop for repairs, and expressed his high appreciation of the spirit Elder Hardy manifested. He held me by the hand and gave me a wonderful blessing in connection with the tour of the Territory we were to undertake. I have never forgotten its impressiveness, and have lived to realize that it was prophetic and inspired.

We rigged up my wagon, and Elder Hardy was fortunate in securing the voluntary services of Brother John Craner, of Tooele, then a student of the Brigham Young Academy, at Provo, with his good span of horses. We planned our tour in two divisions, North and South, each to occupy about two months time. We sent out notices for meetings and, commended by the general Church authorities to the stake presidents and ward bishops, whom we were instructed to consult, we set out to accomplish our mission, of which Elder Hardy made the following record:

"Elders Junius F. Wells and Milton H. Hardy, accompanied by Brother John Craner, at that time a student of the Brigham Young Academy, commenced, on July 5, 1878, by appointment of President John Taylor, a complete territorial tour in two parts. First, northern; comprising the counties of Davis, Morgan, Summit, Weber, Box Elder, Cache, Wasatch and Rich, including Uintah county, Wyoming, and Bear Lake and Oneida counties, Idaho. Second, southern; comprising the counties of Tooele, Utah, Juab, Sanpete, Sevier, Piute, Iron, Kane, Washington, and Millard, including the settlements in Grass Valley.

"A business meeting of the officers of the Associations was held, either preceding or succeeding the general public meeting, at which the details of the workings of the organizations were entered into, and an opportunity presented for an extended acquaintance by the asking and answering of questions, describing and recommending books for joint libraries, a list of which was left with each, as well as a copy of suggestive programs, and a copy of serial lecture subjects, also a portion of each of the three analyses; taking each item in the suggestive program, explaining its nature and the reason for its incorporation in the regular exercises.

"In addition to weekly class work, monthly joint sessions, libraries, cabinets, lectures, etc., already partly established progressive subjective work was made special; for which brief analyses of the Bible, Book of Mormon, and Church history, adapted to the combined Associations, generally, were prepared. Inter-missionary labor was more thoroughly established and stake organizations were effected in each county by the election of a superintendent and secretary for each. Stake quarterly conferences were made universal. Literary entertainments, the regulating of the public amusements, correspondence for home papers, and identification with Sunday schools, were made prominent.

"During this tour of more than eighteen hundred miles, one hundred and fifteen meetings were held in one hundred days."

This was a remarkable tour, of varied experience, adventure, and much significance to the associations. The invaluable quality of the service of Elder Milton H. Hardy was brought out. His companionship was most enjoyable to me. We sat together on the back seat, Brother Craner ahead driving. Our light four-spring wagon was quite comfortable, canvas covered and with spring seats. It was laden with our personal effects, a quantity of tracts and books, rugs and quilts to supplement scant bedding in case of need. In fact they provided us entirely once or twice, when we were delayed or our team gave out and nightfall compelled us to camp. I recall vividly one night in the sand, between Kanab and Virgin City. We made a practice of starting early mornings and of stopping along the way to take note of places and objects of interest. It was our custom to stop and bathe in every spring, lake and stream large enough to cover us, and to swim the rivers. I was not a very strong nor bold swimmer but Brother Hardy was

both, and my confidence in him was such that I ventured wherever he led. Thus it came to pass that I accomplished marvels for me, of which I am not yet through boasting. We swam Bear river, at the place where President Woodruff's son was drowned. That was my most terrible swimming adventure. My trust in Brother Hardy led me into the river and we got across, he swimming on the lower side. When it came to make the return, it taxed my faith as well as my strength and unskillful limbs to the utmost. How considerate and encouraging dear Hardy was, as we battled the heavy flowing stream, I so feebly, and finally landed on the opposite bank a long way down below our starting point. On another occasion we were overtaken by darkness long before reaching our stopping place. It was near Portage I believe on the Malad, and approaching a house faintly indicated in the darkness by a light in the window, to inquire the way, I was rushed upon by a damnable dog, who bit me in the thigh. Hardy jumped out of the wagon instantly to my rescue and beat him off. The owner of the place alarmed by my scream, for I was more scared than hurt, although I carried the scar for years, ran out, swore at the miserable cur and said that I was not the first person he had attacked and that he wished the vicious hound were dead. Hardy took the hint, asked him if he meant it and, getting my sporting rifle from the wagon, with a well directed shot speedily put an end to that dog's evil career.

Our adventures were not many, but our delight on the way, especially in the early morning drives, was very great. Hardy was very happy, not only in the daily consciousness of duties well done, but he was in love. It was not so long before he married the object of his affection, Miss Elizabeth Smoot, daughter of President A. O. Smoot, of Provo, and sister of the Senator. I discovered the state of his affections and charged him with it one morning, just as the sun appeared over the mountains, soon after we left Mayfield for Salina on the Sevier. Hardy suddenly broke out with the following, and I have never learned whether it was a quotation or an improvisation:

"Lo! I have beheld the glorious sun arise,
Ere the cold earth had yet forgot the night,
Blushing all rosy, as with glad surprise,
Like a young girl when first she sees her heart's delight."

I merely said, "Libbie" and Hardy blushed. Then I knew. As we journeyed we prepared the programs of exercises, made copies on our pencil tablets and left them with the officers of each association, fully explaining them at special officers' meetings. These exercises—so far as the scriptural subjects were concerned—were prepared by Elder Hardy. They constitute the original basis of all the M. I. A. manuals. They were prepared by him as early if not before as such analyses were introduced at the B. Y. Academy, Provo, or elsewhere, so far as I know. In his "History of the General Organization," he published them. They were of such excellence and, notwithstanding that they were much amplified later, being grouped and consecutively numbered,

as synoptical headings for lectures, by the collaboration of Elders Hardy and George H. Brimhall, I believe their republication now would be of real service to many associations, and to individual students of the scriptures. Space will not allow this, however, and I can only epitomize the arrangement.

The subjects were listed under dispensational headings, giving the Period of each dispensation with scriptural references. The following is an example:

Adamic Dispensation. (Period 4004 to 2469 B. C. Account Gen. 1-5.)
1. The Creation I.
2. The Garden of Eden II.
3. The Fall III.
4. Cain and Abel (3875) IV.
5. Enoch and the Ten Patriarchs (2948) V.

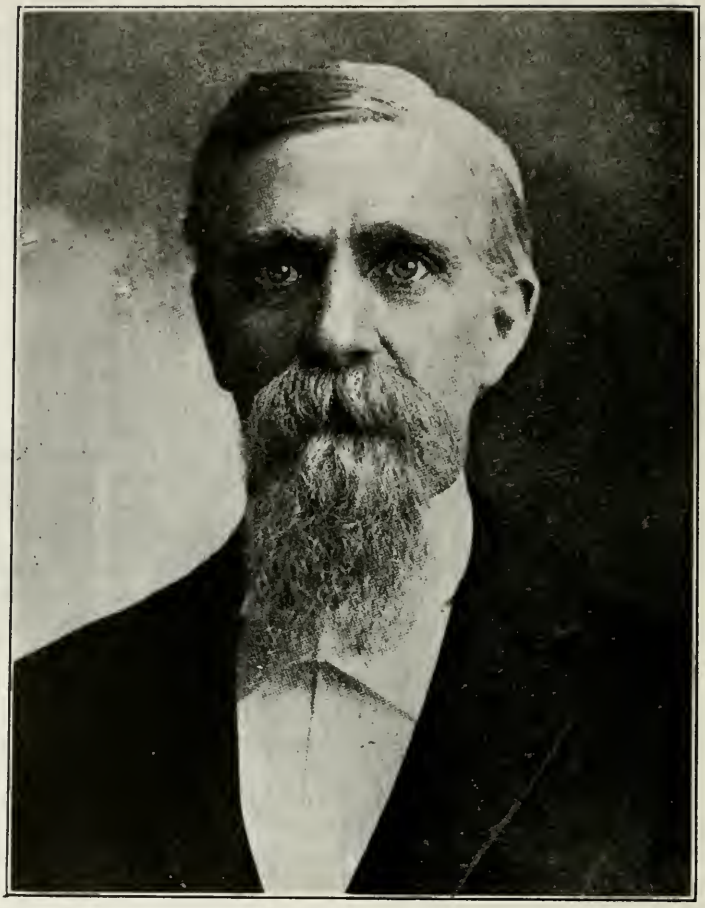
The Noachean, Abrahamic, Mosaic and Prophetic dispensations were treated in the same way—a total of 85 Old Testament and of 37 New Testament subjects. The Book of Mormon was analyzed with 74 titles and Church History with 58.

The subjective titles for lectures before the joint sessions of the associations were given under the following comprehensive captions: Historical, Literature, Scientific, Geographical, Biographical, Industries, Artistic, Travels, Jurisprudence, Government in General and Constitution of the United States.

Throughout the season 1878-1879 considerable missionary work was undertaken. I recall a trip in Weber county when the snow was upon the ground. I spent a week there going in sleighs, Elder Joseph A. West, the stake superintendent and Central Committee of Weber county accompanied me. We held three meetings a day for six days and they were of such interest that before the tour was over as many as twenty sleigh loads of officers and members followed from ward to ward.

On Sunday, at the beginning of this memorable tour, a conference of the associations of Ogden City was held, the stake board was organized and four city ward associations, to take the place of the combined Ogden City associations which had been in operation from the Spring of 1873, when the first association there was established by President Franklin D. Richards. Elder Orson F. Whitney, who had been pressed into service as secretary and treasurer of the Central Committee, attended this conference and spoke eloquently. He was not able to accompany us on the tour of the county.

These meetings were reported in *The Amateur*, a bi-monthly magazine which was established and conducted through two volumes by the associations of Ogden City from November, 1877 to May, 1879. It was a most praiseworthy journal, reflecting great credit upon the enterprise of the young men who managed and edited it. It was an example of what the associations generally needed, but its circulation was largely confined to Weber county. An entertaining description



JOSEPH A. WEST
Assistant General Superintendent 1885-1892. First Editor and Publisher of the *Amateur*, 1877-1879.

of *The Amateur* is given in the June, 1925, issue of the *Improvement Era*, by Elder Preston Nibley.

From the organization of the Central Committee, December, 1876, an effort was made to hold semi-annual conferences, at the time of the general conferences of the Church. Usually, but not always, an evening was allowed for this purpose in the Tabernacle or Assembly Hall. Upon one or two occasions, even after the announcement had been made, other meetings interfered and we were denied the opportunity we so much needed. Upon one notable occasion we took refuge by arranging for our annual meeting in the Salt Lake theatre. Elder O. F. Whitney officiated for the first, and I think for the last time, as secretary, at this conference. His duties as bishop of the Eighteenth ward were taking him from us.

The notice and report of the conference, as published in the *Deseret News*, April 7 and 9, 1879, follows:

NOTICE: There will be a Territorial annual meeting of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations in the Theatre on Tuesday evening, April 8th.

The Young Ladies Associations are invited to meet with us on this occasion.

The representatives from the several Stakes invited to this meeting on Sunday evening will please take notice of the change of date and govern themselves accordingly.

Meeting will commence at half past seven o'clock.

Junius F. Wells,
Milton H. Hardy,
Rodney C. Badger,
President and Counselors Central Committee.

Y. M. M. I. A. TERRITORIAL MEETING

Salt Lake Theatre
April 8, 1879

Meeting was called to order by the president of the Territorial Central Committee, Junius F. Wells.

Singing by the Fifteenth ward choir.

Prayer by Brother Erastus Snow.

Singing.

The president stated the nature of the meeting. The roll of stakes was called by the secretary. The following were represented:

Bear Lake, Davis, Sevier, Cache, Salt Lake Co., Beaver, Box Elder, Tooele, Parowan, Weber, Utah, St. George, Morgan, Juab, Summit, Sanpete, Panguitch, Wasatch, Millard.

Reports from the various stakes were then read.

Elder Moses Thatcher then addressed the audience, expressing his pleasure at meeting with the young people. Contrasted the different circumstances surrounding the youth now, to those of the early years of our settlement here. Urged the young men to avoid the wine cup, with the horrors attending upon its constant use. He urged the superintendents and officers to use every endeavor to suppress all signs of the habit, and show the youth of Utah the effects of drunkenness.

In the process of chromo printing no trace of a picture was visible until the eighth impression, and the picture received twenty-eight impressions before complete, after which it is turned out a hideous or a lovely picture, as the case may be. Even so the minds of the young receive the first impressions of sin without any visible result, but they are lasting and progressive.

Elder Erastus Snow alluded to the larger proportion of children under eight years of age, and the great number between eight and sixteen, who attended Sunday Schools and Improvement Associations; advised the youth to cultivate purity of mind. Strength of character, and eternal watchfulness was the price of virtue and integrity. The books placed within the reach of the youth should be carefully selected. Alluded to many points which the superintendents of these societies should present and inculcate by precept and example upon the young men, and invoked God's blessing upon all.

Elder Joseph F. Smith spoke a few moments on the value and importance of proper education and educators for the children and youths of Zion. The benefit of these societies. After considering carefully, he had concluded that it would be better, according to his judgment, to hold the meetings of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations and the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations separate, as many advantages would thus be given to each. Monthly joint meetings could be held, and a spirit of

proper emulation between the societies encouraged. Was adverse to the practice of introducing too much amusement in these meetings. The first books put into these libraries should be the complete works of the Church. After being thoroughly digested, these may be added unto, but great care should be exercised in selecting.

Drunkenness was a vice to be shunned. To say that it lowers its victims to the level of beasts was an insult to the brute creation, for man was the only animal that would so debase himself. With an exhortation to watchfulness on the part of parents the speaker closed his remarks.

Elder Junius F. Wells spoke to the congregation, intimating that it would be better to close the meetings during the summer, than to let them die out, and then try to resurrect them. But no time was stated for their discontinuance.

Wanted to adopt Brother Smith's proposition in relation to meetings being held separately and monthly meetings jointly. Would like to have the reports more complete next time. Systematic labor was recommended and to further this end, blanks would be furnished the various societies. A conference would be held semi-annually at which, in accordance with the suggestion of the Twelve, verbal reports would be given by various stake superintendents.

The choir sang an anthem and the benediction was pronounced by Counselor Daniel H. Wells.

(*To be continued*)

WEED YOUR OWN GARDENS

By Joseph S. Peery

In a sermon on repentance President Brigham Young said: "Weed your own gardens, and let your neighbor's garden alone. If you devote your time to your own weeding, you will have no time left to weed your neighbor's gardens."

When the day is done, let us consider: Have I given away to anger or ill will, talked about anyone, or grieved the Spirit in any way? If so, I ask God to forgive me, and grant me strength to do better tomorrow.

When a person praises others, he praises himself; for everyone likes to hear something good and likes the bearer of good news. When he slanders others, he injures himself; for his hearers think, "You will now go out and attack us."

It is not for me to sit on the judgment seat against my neighbor. It is for me to try to overcome my own faults, and let my neighbor alone. I have a life's job, plenty to do, in overcoming my own weaknesses, with no time left to deride my neighbor's shortcomings.

A constructive motto is, "Look for the best in every person you meet." My father, David Harold Peery, of Ogden, used to say to his sons: "Don't talk about any one. Talk about the sun, moon and stars."

Ivan Panin, a Russian philosopher said, "Tell me only good about my neighbor. The bad I will find out soon enough myself."

PRESIDENT CHARLES WILSON NIBLEY

(See Frontispiece)

Bishop Charles W. Nibley was appointed and set apart as second counselor in the First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, on May 28, 1925, to fill the vacancy caused by the passing of President Charles W. Penrose. In our opinion no more suitable or capable man for the position could be found in all the land. He is an active, progressive and aggressive man of affairs, whose life and character are irreproachable and whose integrity is unquestioned. His judgment and ability are of the highest order and his spirituality is that of a good Latter-day Saint. President Heber J. Grant's choice of him as counselor will meet approval and applause throughout the Church. His administration of the Bishop's Office during the past eighteen years has been characterized by deep business acumen and sterling ability, efficient management and a clear vision, tending towards helpfulness of the people, both in business and in religious matters.

President Nibley was born February 5, 1849, at Hunterfield near Edinburgh, Scotland. His father, James Nibley, was a coal miner and had difficulty in providing for his family, but was ably assisted by his frugal, energetic and thrifty wife, Jean Wilson. She was of a deeply religious nature, and in the year 1844 listened to the teachings of Henry McCune of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, with whose teachings she felt so satisfied that within a week after hearing him both she and her husband were baptized into the Church. From that time they lived in the hope that they might join the main body of the Saints in America, though poverty prevented the fruition of their hopes for ten long years. James Nibley, acted as president of the branch until he emigrated to America in 1855. The Nibleys crossed the Atlantic in the steerage of a sailing vessel and abode in Rhode Island, because their money was not sufficient to carry them further. Here they resided for five years, working in the woollen mills to obtain means to complete their journey to Utah. In 1860 they started westward and reached Florence, Nebraska, joining a company led by James D. Ross as captain, and reached Salt Lake Valley on September 3, 1860. Wellsville, Cache county, was their first home. Here they lived in a dugout. Charles was then a lad of eleven years and began at that early age to provide for his own support by gleaning wheat, herding sheep, and doing other chores. Later he secured a clerkship in the village store, and with his thrift and business ability, at that early age, made good use of his opportunities to obtain what little education it was possible for him to get at that time, and in this effort he has continued, until he is today among the best informed men in the Church, both in literature and in business. In

1865 he removed to Brigham City engaging as clerk for a Jewish merchant, Morris Rosenbaum, who was a member of the Church.

The advancement which has come to President Nibley has been earned by faithful and painstaking Church labors in the past. On December 11, 1875, he was chosen first counselor in the first organized Y. M. M. I. A. at Logan, with George F. Gibbs president. He was ordained to the Priesthood in early life and filled a short mission in the United States in the fall of 1869, followed by a mission to England in 1877, where he labored under the Presidency of President Joseph F. Smith in charge of the emigration and business of the mission. When President Brigham Young died in August of that year, President Smith was called home and Elder Nibley and Henry W. Naisbitt were given charge of the mission until the arrival of President William Budge in 1878. In May, 1879, Elder Nibley returned to Utah in charge of a company of emigrating Saints. He settled in Logan and always took active part in ecclesiastical affairs, among other activities being superintendent of Sunday schools in Cache stake, then comprising the whole valley, for many years. In 1906 he was chosen first counselor to President Franklin S. Bramwell of the Union stake of Zion when it was organized June 9, 1901. In 1906 he accompanied President Joseph F. Smith on a trip to Europe and on returning, was later chosen Presiding Bishop of the Church, being ordained and set apart to that office December 11, 1907. Under his administration the tithing system was changed and everything placed on a cash basis. The tithing orders which had been used for many years were abandoned and many excellent reforms in handling the tithes of the people, both at headquarters and in the settlements, were inaugurated and materially improved and carried out.

During his incumbency he made a number of trips with President Joseph F. Smith to the Hawaiian Islands, and in 1910, a second trip to Europe with President Smith, visiting the Holland, Scandinavian, Swiss-German, and the British Missions. In 1913, with President Smith he went to Canada where the temple site was dedicated on June 27, 1913. He accompanied President Smith to Chicago, where the mission home and chapel were dedicated, and at various times also he visited Arizona, Canada, the Southern States, California and the Hawaiian Islands. On the visit to Honolulu in May, 1915, the temple site on which the temple now stands at Laie on the Island of Oahu was selected and dedicated on June 13, 1915. The following year another trip was made to Hawaii in order to give instruction in regard to the building of the temple. He accompanied President Heber J. Grant and others to the Hawaiian Islands in 1919 on which occasion the temple was dedicated. Since then he has made several trips with President Grant to various places, and in 1920 to Arizona where the site for a temple at Mesa was discussed.

In business affairs he stands high among the leaders of the State.

When he returned from his mission in the spring of 1869 he obtained work with the Central Pacific as station agent, and later as an employee of the Utah Northern Railroad, in 1872. He was general freight agent of that company for five years, making several trips east and west in the interest of the road. In 1879 he settled in Logan where he became manager and secretary of the United Order Manufacturing and Building Company and occupied civil and business positions in Cache county. His business ventures drew him north, and in 1889, Elder Nibley with other prominent business men of Utah, organized the Oregon Lumber Company, of Baker City, of which he acted as secretary for many years. In 1890 he was one of the organizers of the Sumpter Valley Railroad Company, and in other respects occupied the position of leadership in business circles in eastern Oregon, later becoming president of the Payette Valley Railroad. He was one of the founders and chief officials of the LaGrande Sugar Company, and also took an active part in the colonization of Grande Ronde Valley, being looked upon as an aggressive and up-to-date man of affairs; and as with business affairs, so in religious matters.

In 1916 Bishop Nibley was chosen director of the Western Pacific Railroad, and during the great World War he was active in assisting with Church and private means and his personal influence in movements inaugurated to assist the allies. He was State Chairman of the Red Cross organization, and visited on the way to Hawaii and California military training camps where the Utah boys were training, giving words of encouragement to those who were in the service of their country.

In Church work he figures as a popular and forceful speaker. At the General conference his sermons are always enjoyed and are pregnant with effective points, faithful testimony, and practical and wholesome advice. Bishop Nibley has placed his Church work first, and has not allowed the attainment of wealth to stand in the way of his Church duties.

His appointment to the First Presidency will add great strength to that quorum, and an influence for good that will be felt throughout the whole Church.—A.

Tomorrow

Think ye not of tomorrow,
'Tis like borrowing troubles today;
For what we see in the future,
May never come our way.
'Tis better just to be hopeful,
And cheerfully work each day;
Faithfully doing our duty,
Enjoying our labors today.

Today is the day we may labor,
The present is firm in our grasp;
Future joys and sorrows,
Our hands may never clasp;
To plan for the future is madness,
'Twill only bring misery and gloom,
And fill the present with sadness,
And lead to a sorrowful doom.

Wailuku, Maui, T. H.

W. M. HODSON.

BISHOP SYLVESTER Q. CANNON

Born in Salt Lake City, Utah, June 10, 1877; president of the Pioneer stake since 1917; chosen Presiding Bishop of the Church, June 4, 1925.

BISHOP SYLVESTER Q. CANNON

On the 4th of June, 1925, Elder Sylvester Q. Cannon, who has acted as president of the Pioneer stake of Zion since January, 1917, was chosen Presiding Bishop of the Church to succeed Bishop Charles W. Nibley who was chosen Second Counselor in the First Presidency on the 28th of May, 1925. The choice of President Cannon for the position of Bishop is highly approved by all, since he is especially qualified for the work that will devolve upon him, both by tempera ment, education and experience. He is a man also of lovable character, sociable and kind. He chose for his counselors Bishops David A. Smith and John Wells, who had faithfully acted as counselors to Bishop Nibley for many years.

Sylvester's father, President George Q. Cannon, and his mother, Elizabeth Hoagland Cannon, came to Utah in 1847, and he was born in Salt Lake City on the 10th of June, 1877. He was brought up on the Cannon farm southwest of the city. His education began in a private school maintained by his father. Later he attended the Latter-day Saints' college in the old Social Hall, and took special subjects a year later at the University of Utah, following which he pursued a four-year course at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston, graduating in 1899 with the degree of Bachelor of Science in Mining Engineering.

In religious work he filled a mission to the Netherlands and Belgium in the fall of 1899, where he was engaged in missionary work near Liege for ten months, speaking both the French and German languages. Called to Rotterdam in 1900 to preside over the mission, he was compelled to learn the Dutch language also. Elder Francis M. Lyman, then president of the European mission, called him while thus engaged to visit the Turkish mission with Elder Lyman, and on a three months' journey, they visited Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Italy and France. He was released to return home, three years to the day after his arrival in Liverpool.

On returning home he engaged in the engineering profession, and when the Pioneer stake was organized, in May, 1904, he was appointed first counselor in the presidency. He was married to Winnifred Saville in June of that year. They have seven children, four sons and three daughters. In May, 1907, he left with his family for the Netherlands-Belgian mission, following a call to preside over that field, and especially to publish the first edition of the Doctrine and Covenants in the Dutch language, the translation of which he had previously supervised. His labors included likewise the publication of new improved editions of the Book of Mormon, French and Dutch song books, and extensive successful missionary work.

Returning home in 1909 he engaged in general engineering work, and was in 1912 appointed water supply engineer of Salt Lake City.

In 1913 he was appointed city engineer and has occupied that position since that time, covering the longest period for any engineer of this city. Among his positions he is chairman of the Board of Presidents of the Associated Canals, Director of the East Jordan Irrigation Company, Supervisor of Salt Lake Drainage District No. 2, and Trustee of Salt Lake City Mosquito Abatement District, and represents the city in all these positions. During his incumbency as city engineer the public improvements, such as water supply, paving, sewage, special lighting, etc., in the city have been vastly increased and improved. Also the smoke abatement and mosquito abatement campaigns and the city planning work have all been initiated. Under his administration over $11,000,000 have been expended. He is President of the Cannon Investment Company, member of the American Society of Civil Engineers, and of the American Society for Municipal Improvements, and of the National Conference of City Planning.

In January, 1917, following the death of President William McLachlan, he was selected president of the Pioneer stake. He has also been a member of the Board of Control of the Deseret Gymnasium since its organization; and since 1923, president of the Board of Trustees of the Latter-day Saints University.

The Church may confidently look for an efficient administration of the financial and spiritual affairs of the Presiding Bishop's Office under his direction.—*A.*

God's Love

When love of God is in my soul,
I live a higher life;
Though conflict's billows fiercely roll
Within, I feel no strife.

When love of God is in my heart,
It casteth out all fear;
Though storms rise high or night be dark
Its presence whispers cheer.

When love of God is in my heart,
I see with vision clear,
That worldly lore shall all depart;
His work alone is dear.

When love of God is in my heart,
Sin cannot enter there
To leave behind a stinging smart,
Or bring me deep despair.

When love of God is in my soul,
The brambles find no room
To grow within that hallowed soil,
Where flowers of heaven bloom.

Ogden, Utah OLIVE BELNAP JENSON

JUNE DAYS

A Pioneer Story

By Dorothy C. Robinson

"For what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days,
Then Earth tries Nature if it be in tune
And over it softly her warm ear lays."

The old lines took on a new meaning to Anise, as she looked out over her little world this first day in June. Somehow even the trees and flowers looked greener and brighter, and the sky was perfect as only June skies can be. Earth and nature were surely in tune and her heart was in tune with both.

Lovingly her eyes followed the lines of the garden out to a pasture beyond where her husband was attempting to catch a half-broken colt. It was so good to have him home again after so many months away at work. But his work had not been unfruitful, and now they had means to finish paying for their little home. What a comfort that was. It was a beautiful old world and just now she wondered if she did not have more than her share of it's good things.

From her husband's figure her eyes strayed to the two little boys perched on the top bar of the pasture gate and to the little girl peering through the lower bars. She sat down on the kitchen steps and watched the children's delight over the antics of the horse. What, she wondered, could take her nearer heaven than to be the wife of such a man—the mother of such children? Whimsically she wondered if the baby-to-come would have brown eyes like the three out there, or blue ones like little May at her side.

Now they all come up the path, the little ones flying ahead so as to run no risk from the horse's heels.

"What in the world," she asked, as her husband came up, "are you going to do with that horse, Nathan?"

"I am going to ride out over the hills and see how the cattle are, and see if any have strayed away since I was home last."

Her face fell. "I don't like to have you go away on that horse. Why not take one of the work horses?"

Nathan laughed as he answered: "The work horses are too slow, besides I am going to work them tomorrow. Don't worry about me and this horse, I can handle him alright. I won't be gone long. It's just ten now and by twelve I'll be back to have luncheon with you and the youngsters. Goodbye, boys, take care of Mama until I get back."

He leaped on the horse's back and, with a bound, was off down

the lane. As he turned the corner, Nathan looked back and blew a kiss to the little mother standing among her babies.

The same June day, twelve hours later, and the same little mother, now anxious and careworn, waited for the sound of footsteps that did not come. When he had not returned at luncheon time she had told herself and the children that his work had taken him longer than he anticipated. Over and over, through the long afternoon, she had repeated the same thing. Hopefully she had prepared supper and then wearily waited trying to keep it fresh for him.

Now at ten o'clock the children were in bed and asleep and she sat on the steps waiting—a great unnamed fear at her heart. Was it only this morning he had left? Only this morning that the world had seemed so bright? Was she the happy creature that had counted her many blessings only a few hours before?

Suddenly, far down the road, she caught the sound of horses' hoofs coming rapidly nearer. She heaved a great sigh. At last! He had merely been detained. How foolish her fears! But, as he came nearer her hopes died again. In the bright moonlight she could see clearly and recognized not the form of her loved one but a neighbor who lived about a mile up the road.

She met him at the gate and as he threw himself off the horse almost before it had stopped, cried: "What is the matter?"

Without answering her the man asked: "Where is Brother Robinson?"

"Gone," she answered.

"Gone? Where?"

Briefly but without hope she told him. Kindly, but without hope, he answered, his hand on her arm.

"Sister Robinson, you are a pioneer wife. You must not give up now. The Indians are on the warpath. They have broken away from the Reservation. A Runner just came from Snowflake with the news. I must take you to safety. Have you a team here?"

Bereft of words she motioned him to the pasture. He understood, and his heart ached for her. He would gladly have suffered much to spare her the pain he knew was hers, but there was no time for condolences.

"Get your children dressed. Roll up your bedding, and you'd better take what food you have. We may need it." As he finished speaking he was well toward the pasture.

Anise forced her dragging feet inside. No time to conjecture. No time now to grieve. Her babies—their babies—must be protected. Swiftly, but as one without volition, she aroused and dressed the children. Though her hands flew to their tasks her mind seemed paralyzed. Dully, automatically, she silently repeated over and over: "Indians. Nathan! My unborn babe."

When the man returned with the team harnessed to their light

wagon she was ready. Swiftly and silently they put in the bedding, cuddling the children down among it, put in the box of provisions and were gone.

As they turned the corner and Anise looked back on their little home something seemed to snap within her and she buried her head in her arms with an unspeakable prayer for strength to bear the burden she now knew was hers.

Three days they huddled together in the scant protection of a barn. Three long agonizing days for the women and children. Three days of feverish work for the men, throwing up temporary earthworks for protection in case of an attack. Three days a picked number of them hunted cautiously and fruitlessly; while Anise waited all hope gone praying only that God would give her the body of her loved one to bury.

The third day the men fasted and prayed that their search might not be in vain; but evening came and still no trace of the missing man. It seemed there was nothing but to go empty-handed again.

Suddenly with a cry of surprise one of the men pointed to an object not ten feet from where they were standing. Hanging on a willow was an undershirt. Beneath the willow were bloodstains and unmistakable evidences of foul play—but nothing else. They traced diligently; they searched in ever widening circles but all in vain.

Finally Brother Carden, who had been a missionary companion and close friend of Nathan's, asked the men again to join him in prayer. Kneeling in a circle they asked for help and guidance, that they might be led to the spot where the body lay. After the prayer was finished Brother Carden rose and went directly to a beaver-pond not many yards from where they had found the shirt.

They had looked here many times and found nothing, but now through the clear depths he thought he discerned something white. Calling to the others he hastily undressed and dived into the water.

In the bottom completely covered except where the rocks had slipped from one foot was the object of their search. It was the foot Brother Carden had seen rising and falling with the motion of the water. So through the deepening dusk they bore back to Anise all that was earthly of her loved one.

Many years later through the confession of an Indian it was learned that Nathan had come suddenly upon three Indians skinning one of his steers. When he remonstrated they, after the manner of renegades the world over, disposed of him the quickest way possible.

In the early grey of another June morning two weeks later, Anise lay in her bed exhausted and worn and half asleep but a great pride tempering her sorrow. Beside her cuddled in blankets lay her new-born babe, her fatherless boy. Her face flushed with adoration as she gazed at the tiny form but her wounded heart cried out:

"Oh, why? Why need he have been taken? Oh, my baby, my

little boy! How could God take from you your father's love and protection?" It seemed her heart would burst with the sorrow and pity of it. Never to know his father's face. Never to know his wonderful love and affection!

Suddenly she sat upright in bed. What was it she heard? Was it—could it be Nathan's whistle? his words? Her eyes turned eagerly to the door. The knob turned—it opened—it was Nathan smiling and well. Anise stretched out both arms to him.

"Oh, Nathan, why did you leave us? We need you so!"

He advanced to the bed and she lay back upon the pillows.

"Don't grieve, Anise dear, it was best that I go. Now I came to see my boy."

Tenderly he pushed back the blankets and gazed on the baby face as he said gently:

"Isn't he a wonderful boy? You must call him Phileon that he may be constantly reminded of the great love his father had for him—I must go now, dear one, but will send you a Comforter."

Later the Comforter came in the form of another good and true husband whose wife had died, and whose little daughter found a fond mother in Anise. So the little boy grew up, after all, knowing the full measure of a father's love and protection for he was not kinder to his own children than to the little ones intrusted to his care.

Another June day, years later this same mother now proud and happy accompanied her son to the House of the Lord and there saw him united to the girl of his choice.

Three weeks after seeing for the first time their first son, her call came suddenly. Quietly and peacefully, and shall we not say happily, she slipped away to join the husband of her youth; leaving behind twelve children as a living memorial to her noble name.

Boise, Idaho

To the Graduates

You've crossed the bay; beyond, in splendor, lies the ocean.
Sail on! Sail on! O mariners of life's broad, mighty deep.
Your dry dock days are o'er, long hours of preparation
Have come before the breasting of the waves; you will reap
The seeds that have been sown. Have you well-manned your vessel?
If so, fear not, but onward press toward the haven fair.
With faith and energy, plough bravely through the billows,
But watch the path ahead, of hidden reefs and rocks beware,
Lest you be shipwrecked on the shoals of sin and folly.
Remember well that joy and peace await the sailor wise,
Who seeks the guidance of the light house rays effulgent,
Which leadeth on toward the harbor calm beyond the skies.

Raymond, Canada HELEN KIMBALL ORGILL

PIONEER "WAGON" GREASE

By Minnie Crawford, Brigham Young University

"I used to live in Parowan, a small settlement in Iron county," Peter N. Guymon, a pioneer of the southland, began as I sat by all-ears-open waiting for his story.

After a short pause, in which he appeared to be absorbed in examining a piece of kindling he had picked up, he held it out to me saying, more as a statement than a question: "See this piece of board."

I am not very familiar with the different kinds of woods, but I have been in the forest enough to learn to recognize a piece of yellow pine when I see it, and this much I explained to Mr. Guymon.

"Yes," he went on, "this is a piece of yellow pine such as is found in great quantities in Parowan canyon. It used to be one of our best friends."

"How so?" I asked wondering.

"When we first moved to southern Utah it wasn't always convenient to get supplies just when we needed them, especially things that weren't required for food or clothing. Among these things was grease for our wagon wheels, as the shining, squeaky axels would frequently testify.

"Well, someone hit onto an idea, and the rest of us weren't long picking it up. We found that pine tar made a fair substitute for grease, and so we didn't have to worry much more about our wagons."

"But," I objected, "was it any easier to import pine tar than it was to import axle grease?"

"That's just it!" he exulted. "We didn't have to bring it in; we made it!"

Then he told me how: "We would select a place along some sort of embankment, either on the side of a creek-bed or ditch, and here spade out a round pit about three feet from the edge. For ordinary purposes we would make the pit about four feet deep and the same in diameter. The bottom was left basin-shaped to aid in drainage. From the edge of the outer wall a two-inch hole was drilled into the bottom of the pit, and into this we placed a short length of iron pipe or a piece of tin bent to form a spout. That constituted our manufacturing plant."

"Not much to that, was there?" I ventured.

"Oh, no; anyone could make the factory, but fixing for the tar required a little more skill." Here he chuckled softly to himself, and I fancied—it may have been but fancy—that he was recalling some amusing proof of this last assertion.

At length he resumed his story: "I learned how 'twas done by watching my father, when I was just a little shaver. I can see him now—cutting those dry, dead pine trees into four foot lengths—

as plain as if 'twas yesterday he did it. When he had it all chopped he split it into strips about two inches thick. You know yellow pine splits very easily along the grain," [I hadn't known, but I was learning several new things so I made no comment]. "These pieces were resplit so that they were about two-by-two at the ends, and when piled up they looked very much like a huge heap of kindlings. They were ready now to be placed in the pit. I have watched my father fill the hole by standing the strips as close together as he could crowd them; then, when I thought there couldn't possibly be room for another piece, he would drive some more in to make them tight," he said. I later learned to do this myself as the firm wedging kept the pine from blazing while the pitch was being melted out.

"When the pit was finally filled, the outer rows of pine stood up higher than the others, due to the basin-shaped bottom of the hole. The sloping cavity thus formed at the top was covered with a three or four inch layer of green cedar boughs, leaving only a small, eight-inch opening in the center. On top of the bough a covering of dirt about ten inches deep was piled.

"This completed, it was time to set off the 'fireworks,' " and he laughed. "That was the part I liked best when I was a boy. We'd heap the small opening in the center full of pine shavings which would ignite readily, then we'd set her going. How the pitch would sizzle and pop! That was the most fun of all. This burning mass would ignite the tops of the pine strips so that in two or three hours all the tips under the heavy covering would be blazing. Then this opening was covered with boughs and dirt as the other had been and the entire mass was left. The flames soon smothered out so that the wood wasn't consumed, but the heat was sufficient to melt the pitch which soon began to run out of the spout at the bottom of the pit. It usually took about eight or ten hours for all of the tar to drain out; then the pit was opened and only charcoal remained of all those strips of glossy, yellow pine."

He paused at the close of his story, then added:

"You know the smoke boxed up inside that smouldering mass is what makes the pitch turn black. I've seen as many as twenty gallons of it flow from one pit. We called it 'Pioneer Wagon Grease.' "

"Wasn't any of it wasted in the manufacturing?" I asked.

"Very little. You see the tar formed a coating over the dirt in the bottom of the pit, so none of it soaked away; and the basin-shaped drain prevented any of it standing in pools inside."

"Did this make a good substitute for the real grease?" I questioned, and laughed.

"Not exactly; but it was better than nothing. In the summer time you could follow a wagon by the drops of tar that melted and fell from the axle onto the ground, and in the winter—well, then, most of the time we thought we were using sleighs, for the tar got so hard that it locked our wagon wheels. But, as I say, it was better than having them go ungreased, so we were glad to get it."

"And that's why the yellow pine was one of your best friends?" I ventured at last, when Mr. Guymon had again examined the piece of kindling he still held in his hand, and I was putting on my coat.

"That's one reason. There's a great many others," he answered. "Come over again and I'll tell you how we used to make rosin for our fiddle strings."

And I am going soon.

Provo, Utah

Round The Camp-Fire*

Tune—"Every Little Movement."

Round the gleaming campfire, when the evening sun sinks low;
Cheery songs and laughter ringing in the twilight's glow.
Tales of risk and daring thrill us;
Thoughts of life and beauty fill us;
Round the gleaming campfire, when the evening sun sinks low.

Round the glowing campfire, when the darkness closes round;
Voices hushed and softened as we thrill at every sound.
Tales of love and friendship told us,
While night's blanket soft enfolds us;
Round the glowing campfire when the darkness closes round.

Round the dying campfire when the embers feebly glow.
Human voices silent, but the Infinite sings low.
Whispering winds in pine trees playing;
Souls attuned in silence praying;
Round the dying campfire, when the embers feebly glow.

Preston, Idaho O. E. HOWELL.

*This Scout Camp-fire Song received honorable mention in the *Improvement Era* Jubilee contest.

THE GREAT M. I. A. 50th ANNIVERASARY PARADE, JUNE 10, 1925

The Boy Scout section passing down Main Street. There were about 12,000 young people in the three-mile line of march, coming from all parts of the Church and missions, and it is estimated that more than 60,000 people witnessed the unparalleler, religious peace procession. It was the biggest, grandest, and most impressive parade ever staged in salt Lake City.

THE M. I. A. JUNE CONFERENCE AND JUBILEE

REPORTED BY EDWARD H. ANDERSON

Without any doubt the M. I A. Conference and celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the organization of the Y. M. M. I. A., held in Salt Lake City, June 6-10, was the best attended, the largest and most noteworthy gathering of young people ever witnessed in the history of the Church. All the general meetings in the Tabernacle were overcrowded and the instructions were of a thrilling and inspirational character. The pageant and the musical and literary contests were wonderful in presentation, color and execution. The Past, the Present and the Future of the great organization were delightfully pictured. The over three-mile parade, including 12,000 of the youth of Zion, representing 100,000 devoted workers was unequalled in the history of the city and the state.

This parade was a fitting climax to the great convention and awakened the 60,000 people or more, who gathered to watch its far-flung lines, to the magnitude, strength, earnestness and devotion of the great organization, established to form moral character, to inculcate in the youth of the land the standards of the gospel and a testimony of the Divinity of Jesus Christ. One can scarcely comprehend or appreciate its marvelous importance in its operation for the mutual improvement of the young people of the Church in these directions, nor how potent it must be in shaping the destiny of the Church and the community in general.

Five full days and evenings were crowded to capacity, with activities so rapidly following upon the heels each of the other that there was little time for anything but intense movement. The programs were well prepared and went off like clock work.

The registration of delegates took place at the Assembly Hall all day on Saturday with Benjamin Goddard in charge. Registration continued in the Church Office Building in the evening after 7:30 A reception to all the delegates in honor of the First Presidency and general authorities of the Church was held in the Church Office Building. In addition, at the Deseret Gymnasium at 8 o'clock social dances, mixing games, and refreshments were enjoyed by the thousands who visited that place; and likewise, in the Odeon Hall at the same hour there was social dancing and refreshments, all under the direction of the Committee on Recreation, Ephraim E. Erickson, Lucy W. Smith, in charge. It was an auspicious start and everybody enjoyed the getting acquainted.

On Sunday morning, 10 o'clock, the first general session was held in the Tabernacle with Superintendent George Albert Smith and Presi-

dent Martha H. Tingey presiding who delivered addresses of welcome. The organ music was by Professor John J. McClellan; a tenor solo by John W. Summerhays, an address by Maria Y. Dougall, of the Young Ladies' General Board. At this meeting Elder Junius F. Wells, the founder of the organization under commission of President Brigham Young, and who planned and visioned the great Jubilee parade, delivered a stirring speech on "Brigham Young's Vision and the Struggles and Achievements in its Realization." Elder Wells rose to the occasion and delivered a very effective address. Assistant Superintendent Richard R. Lyman spoke on "Our Appreciation of the Past, the Glory of the Present, our Vision of the Future."

The 2 o'clock session was under the direction of the First Presidency of the Church with music furnished by the Tabernacle choir, A. C. Lund director. President Heber J. Grant presided. One of the leading addresses delivered was by President Brigham H. Roberts, one of the early and most energetic workers in the cause of Mutual Improvement, especially in its revival in 1897, the establishment of the *Improvement Era*, and the writing and directing of the studies of the young men in the early manuals adopted for their classes. He gave a telling address upon the Deity of Jesus Christ. President Heber J. Grant gave an excellent address on the advancement and purpose of the Y. M. M. I. A. President Grant has always been a staunch supporter of the organization, being a member of the first association formed, and he worked unceasingly in the General Superintendency, and in other ways in establishing the organization upon its present footing. He was particularly active in the organization and establishment of the *Improvement Era*, of which he is now the chief editor, and on every occasion possible, in the multiplicity of his other duties, his encouragement is lent to the youth of Zion through these organizations. Addresses were given also by Presiding Bishop Sylvester Q. Cannon and President Charles W. Nibley. The Tabernacle was crowded to its full capacity, hundreds standing in the aisles, both in the galleries and in the main hall. Other hundreds were unable to gain admission.

In the evening a general joint session of the M. I. A. and Primary Associations was held in the Tabernacle, the theme being the new M. I. A. slogan for 1925-26. The Cottonwood stake M. I. A. male chorus, W. F. Robinson, conductor, sang a selection, and the Primary Association children rendered a song service of six numbers under direction of Matilda W. Cahoon. The main address was delivered by Elder Orson F. Whitney, of the Council of the Twelve, who spoke on the M. I. A. slogan, "We Stand for an Individual Testimony of the Divinity of Jesus Christ." If the hall had been crowded to capacity in the afternoon and morning, it was certainly more than crowded in the evening. Thousands were unable to gain admission. The splendid sermon of Elder Whitney touched the hearts of the people and awakened a love for the Lord and a determination in the hearts of the youth to live by His gospel standards. Some of

the musical exercises were, a violin solo by Willard E. Weihe, and a song, "I Know that My Redeemer Lives," by Superintendent Melvin J. Ballard and the congregation.

On Monday, June 8, a general joint session of the Young Ladies' and Young Men's Associations' was held in the Assembly Hall from 9 to 12 o'clock in which members of the Boards treated organization and membership, community singing, relationships and objectives in recreation, the slogan for 1925-26, the new reading course, Sunday evening joint programs, and a talk by Elder George H. Brimhall, of the Advanced Senior class, on, "The Adult and the M. I. A.," also a paper on the study of this class for 1925-26, by Mrs. Grace Cannon Neslen.

At noon on Monday the Y. M. M. I. A. Superintendents' luncheon was given in the Hotel Utah. A luncheon to the stake superintendents, or the accredited representatives in case any stake superintendent was absent, was enjoyed by representatives from every stake. A talk to the superintendents on the finances of the organization was given by Elder Melvin J. Ballard in which the fund and the *Improvement Era,* of which he is the business manager, was presented before the organizations, and the list of stakes obtaining 5% of the population as subscribers of the *Era* was read; also the stakes that had 100% of the general fund paid and the stakes winning 100% efficiency. The luncheon was a complete success.

STAKES HAVING PAID 100% GENERAL FUND

Alberta, Bingham, Boise, Box Elder, Cassia, Cottonwood, Deseret, Franklin, Fremont, Gunnison, Hyrum, Idaho, Lethbridge, Liberty, Los Angeles, Malad, Morgan, Mount Ogden, North Davis, North Sanpete, North Weber, Ogden, Oquirrh, Pocatello, Salt Lake, Sevier, Snowflake, South Davis, Star Valley, Taylor, Teton, Tintic, Uintah, Union, Woodruff, Grant, and Minidoka.

STAKES HAVING SENT IN 5% IN ERA SUBSCRIPTIONS

Alberta, Box Elder, Lethbridge, and Taylor.

STAKES RAVING SENT IN ONE LIFE MEMBERSHIP FOR EACH WARD

Alberta, Bannock, Bear Lake, Benson, Big Horn, Bingham, Boise, Box Elder, Curlew, Deseret, Ensign, Franklin, Fremont, Granite, Grant, Hyrum, Juab, Juarez, Lethbridge, Los Angeles, Malad, Maricopa, Millard, Moapa, Montpelier, Morgan, Mount Ogden, North Davis, Oneida, Pocatello, Rigby, St. George, St. Joseph, San Juan, San Luis, Sevier, Shelley, South Davis, Taylor, Tintic, Wayne, Weber, Young, Minidoka.

EFFICIENCY REPORT FOR 1924-25

The following twenty-one stakes received 100% in the efficiency report for 1924-25, and were awarded efficiency certificates by the General Superintendency at the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, June 9, 1925:

January: Liberty, South Davis, Fremont; February: Cache, Kanab, North Davis, North Sanpete, Boise, Franklin, Malad, Pocatello, Lethbridge, Snowflake, Star Valley, Taylor, Hyrum; March: Ogden, Alberta, Union, Woodruff; April: Maricopa.

On Monday afternoon a special departmental session was held in the Deseret Gymnasium, Ephraim E. Erickson and Lucy W. Smith, chairmen, at which the recreation officers were presented with a comprehensive statement of the field of recreation; also *Bulletin No. 5,*

on recreation matters by Claude C. Cornwall, and leadership training in recreation, a ten-minute speech, by Charlotte Stewart, followed by a discussion.

The Junior and Senior departments of the Y. M. M. I. A. met in the Assembly Hall, with Superintendent George Albert Smith presiding. He gave a report of the National Council meeting of the Boy Scouts of America recently held and of which he is the National representative. "The Relationship of the Boy Scout Movement to the Y. M. M. I. A. and the Advanced Junior Department," followed by a general discussion, "M Men's program and the Senior Department," and "Our Opportunity Through a Fathers and Sons' Outing" by Oscar A. Kirkham, were treated, followed by a spirited address by Superintendent Melvin J. Ballard on "Using Ourselves and Our Program in Winning the Delinquent Boy." The Assembly Hall was filled to capacity and much interest was taken in the discussion and the presentation of the subjects.

The Past, the Present, the Future

"The Torch of Inspiration," an M. I. A. Pageant of the Past, Present and Future, was presented Monday Evening, under the direction of the General Boards, Superintendent George Albert Smith presiding, in the great Tabernacle. This was one of the most inspiring sights that has ever been presented before the people. As in the preceding meetings in the Tabernacle, hundreds were turned away unable to find room. The pageant treated Part I, of the Past, (a) "The Awakening," which included the meditations of President Young on the necessity of doing something for the youth of Zion. The readers were Harold Goff and Margaret Caldwell, and the cast consisted of Drama, Lynn Richards; Music, Ethel S. Anderson; Literature, Emma E. Lindsay; Science, Rosco Grover; Babylon, Arlene Ridges. The characters in the presentations were provided by the Liberty stake. Text written by W. O. Robinson. Music arranged and composed by B. Cecil Gates.

(b) "Organization of the Retrenchment Association," a one-act play, written by Elen Wallace.

(c) "Commission to Junius F. Wells to Organize the Y. M. M. I. A.," a one-act play, written by Claude C. Cornwall.

Part II, The Present, Consisting of chorus, introductory recitative and grand banner tableau of the twelve slogans. This feature was very interesting and emphasized also the work of the Mutual Improvement Associations, Boy Scouts, Advanced Juniors, Bee-Hive Girls, Junior Girls, M Men, Gleaner Girls, Advanced Senior co-educational activities, and Recreation, and was presented in tableau form by people of Grant and Granite stakes, followed by a grand tableau and the introduction of the new slogan.

Part III, The Future. This consisted of a procession of torch bearers, representatives of the various stakes throughout the Church,

with a salutation to the torch bearers and the presentation of torches, President Heber J. Grant ascended the steps arranged before the great curtain of the Tabernacle followed by Superintendent George Albert Smith and President Martha H. Tingey of the Young Men's and Young Ladies' Improvement Associations, and standing at the head with the torch bearers from the various stakes gathered around, President Heber J. Grant presented a torch to Superintendent George Albert Smith and one to President Martha H. Tingey. The grand tableau was thrilling in the extreme, symbolizing the onward march of the M. I. A. to glorified manhood and womanhood. This was followed by a recitative introducing the illumination of the M. I. A. monogram, "The Glory of God is Intelligence;" a second recitative, and a grand triumphant chorus:

"Oh, Hark! A glorious sound is heard
In triumph of the Right
As Zion's youth in league with Truth,
Go forth in wondrous might,
They raise their voice in loyal shout—
A great victorious cry:
Jehovah Reigns! Lord God of Hosts,
All Hail Thee! King most High!"

—W. O. ROBINSON.

The music for this part was provided by B. Cecil Gates; E. H. Eastmond, Pageant Master; W. O. Robinson, Dramatic Director; Evangeline T. Beesley, Assistant Music Director; J. J. McClellan, Organist; Singers, Tabernacle Choir, assisted by M. I. A. Units; Orchestra, M. I. A. Symphony.

The message to the Torch Bearers was read by Supt. Smith.

THE MESSAGE OF THE TORCH BEARERS

To the Officers and Members of the Mutual Improvement Associations,

Dear Brethren and Sisters—From the spirit typified by the light of this Torch of Inspiration shining brilliantly in this the great Pageant of our M. I. A. Jubilee, we send you our greeting and our blessing. May this spirit permeate every stake and ward and branch and enter the heart of every officer and youth and maiden enlisted in the glorious Mutual Improvement Cause!

We are celebrating our Jubilee. For half a century our organizations have stood the test and have contributed to the development of peace and happiness in the lives of thousands. Much has been realized, but much more will be accomplished, as the two great associations, organized under the direction of the Prophet of the Lord fifty years ago, march steadily forward, exemplifying in their lives their splendid slogans and unitedly holding aloft their banner, "The Glory of God Is Intelligence."

The next fifty years portend great things for those whose lives are righteous, who gladly yield obedience to the principles of revealed Truth:

By

Keeping themselves free from the sins of the world,
Honoring God's holy Priesthood,
Rendering unto him their devotions on His holy Day,
Observing the Word of Wisdom,
Paying their tithes and offerings, and
Ever seeking counsel and help from their heavenly Father.

This is our Jubilee year. Let us fittingly commemorate it by making

it a year of Testimony, a year in which all of our hundred thousand young men and young women shall stand upon their feet and speak that which they believe and know concerning the Gospel and concerning the Divine Mission of the Redeemer. In all solemnity we commend to you our Slogan:

We Stand for an Individual Testimony of the Divinity of Jesus Christ.

May we bear this witness in thought and word and in every deed of our lives.

Your Brethren and Sisters,
GEO. ALBERT SMITH
RICHARD R. LYMAN
MELVIN J. BALLARD
General Superintendency Y. M. M. I. A.

MARTHA H. TINGEY
RUTH MAY FOX
LUCY GRANT CANNON
General Presidency Y. L. M. I. A.

On Tuesday morning, the 9th, at the Tabernacle the theme was "Our New Slogan." Dr. George H. Brimhall treated the subject, "What is a Testimony?" and Elder Heber C. Iverson, "Steps in Securing and Maintaining a Testimony of the Divinity of Jesus Christ;" and President Nephi L. Morris of the Salt Lake stake gave a "Personal Testimony of the Divinity of Jesus Christ as a Factor in Character Building." Dr. Adam S. Bennion, superintendent of Church Schools, treated "The Life of Jesus Christ as Recorded in the New Testament as Good Reading."

On the afternoon of Tuesday the try-out contests were held in music and public speaking, at various places at 1:15 p. m. This consisted of all M. I. A. bands,, Y. M. M. I. A. choruses, M Men's quartets, M Men's public speaking, Y. L. M. I. A. choruses and Gleaner Girls' public speaking—all the entries that were made in musical and literary contest work, there being 14 stakes represented in M Men's public speaking; 20 in male chorus, 10 in M Men's quartet, 13 in the M. I. A. band contest, 39 in Y. L. M. I. A. Senior public speaking.

The following entries were made in musical and literary contest work: M Men Public Speaking: Montpelier, Deseret, Weber, Boise, Utah, Maricopa, Cache District, Los Angeles, Division 9 S. L. C., No. Sanpete, Fremont No. 4, Parowan, Calif. Mission, Pioneer District. M. I. A. Male Chorus: Box Elder, Oquirrh, Idaho, Juab, Pocatello, Nebo, Ensign, Mt. Ogden, Ogden, Cottonwood, Salt Lake, Parowan, South Davis, Logan, Utah, Jordan, Boise, Logan, Pioneer, Alpine. M Men Male Quartet: Star Valley, Deseret, Boise, Juab, St. George, Liberty District, Fremont, Mt. Ogden, Carbon, Union. M. I. A. Band: Woodruff, Granite and Grant, Juab, Richfield, Rigby, Utah, Jordan, Four Salt Lake Stakes, Morgan, Salt Lake M. I. A., Cache-Logan, Weber, Cottonwood. Y. L. M. I. A. Chorus: Mt. Ogden, Nebo, North Davis, North Sanpete, Ogden, Oquirrh, Palmyra, Panguitch, Pocatello, Salt Lake, Sevier, Shelley, South Davis, South Sevier, Star Valley, Utah, Wasatch, Weber, Franklin, Fremont, Granite, Hyrum, Idaho, Juab, Kanab, Kolob, Alpine, Bear River, Blackfoot, Boise, Liberty, Logan, Lost River, Malad, Millard, Montpelier, Morgan, Box Elder, Cache, Carbon, Deseret and Ensign. Y. L. M. I. A. Senior Public Speaking: Union, Bingham, Twin Falls, Idaho, Hyrum, Weber, Granite, Wasatch, Sevier, Kanab, and Deseret.

In the evening at 8 o'clock there was a grand concert and finals of winners in the afternoon contest work, under the direction of Executive Director Oscar A. Kirkham, in the Tabernacle, filled to

capacity, as usual, and a very interesting program carried out. One of the most inspiring sights was a grand ensemble of all the bands which were led in two numbers, the first, "The Show Boy," directed by Clarence J. Hawkins; and the second, "The Royal Pageant," directed by John Held. A sight the like of which had never before been presented in the Salt Lake Tabernacle was beheld by those who were present, and the exercises proceeded without a hitch which any but the most trained musical ear could detect. It was a wonderful and inspiring sight. There was also an ensemble male chorus which sang, "I'd Like to go down South Once More," directed by Y. M. M. I. A. Musical Director B. Cecil Gates. Then followed the Ladies' Chorus contest, M Men's Public Speaking contest, Male Quartet contest, and an ensemble Ladies' Chorus, "Roses of Picardy," directed by Y. L. M. I. A. Director of Music, Evangeline T. Beesley, followed by Gleaner Girls' Public Speaking contest, Male Chorus contest, and then the M. I. A. Band contest; also an ensemble chorus, "Till the Victory's Won," by B. Cecil Gates, directed by the author.

The winners in the final contests were as follows:

M. I. A. WINNERS IN FINAL CONTEST

Band:

1. Richfield M. I. A. Band, J. L. Terry, conductor. Sevier stake, $75 prize.
2. Salt Lake M. I. A. Band, Clarence J. Hawkins, conductor, $50 prize.
3. Boy Scout M. I. A. Band, John Held, conductor, $25 prize. Played: "Spirit of America Patrol."

Judges: J. J. McClellan, L. A. Yost, Charles Shepherd. All the bands "Show Boy," director, Clarence J. Hawkins; and the "Royal Pageant," director, John Held.

Male Chorus:

1. Nebo stake, Carl Nelson, conductor, $50 prize.
2. Alpine stake, $25 prize. Contest, "Good Night."

Judges: Evan Stephens, Claire Reed, Lester Hinchcliff. Ensemble: "Till the Victory's Won," B. C Gates. "I'd Like to go Down South Once More," both under direction of B. C. Gates.

M Men's Quartet:

1. St. George stake, Enterprise ward, Joseph McAllister, director, medal. Personnel: La Fayette Stahelir, Wendell Robinson, Elvis B. Terry, Theone Jones.
2. Los Angeles stake, Ocean Park ward, Harold M. Anderson, Medal. Contest: "Swanee River."

Judges: same as for male chorus.

M Men's Public Speaking:

1. Utah stake, Sherman Christensen, Provo, medal.
2. Fremont stake, Jesse Simmons, Lyman, Idaho, medal.

Judges: Herbert B. Maw, T. Earl Pardoe, John Henry Evans.

Ladies' Chorus:

1. Sevier stake, J. L. Terry, conductor, prize $50.
2. South Davis stake, L. W. Sardoni, conductor, $25.

Judges: A. C. Lund, Emma Lucy Bowen, Spencer Cornwall.

Gleaner Girls Public Speaking:

1. Weber stake, Fern Jude, Eleventh ward.
2. Lola Heaton, Kanab stake, Kanab ward.

Judges: Charles H. Hart, Margaret Caldwell, Lila Eccles Brimhall.

At the close announcement was made of the winners in the *Improvement Era* contest of literature and music, and also the presentation of awards by Melvin J. Ballard, chairman of the Jubilee Com-

mittee. This announcement was made in the June number of the *Era*, except the award for the prize story won by J. Arthur Horne. This closed the exercises. The congregation was dismissed by prayer.

Parade of the Banners

The next day was devoted mostly to the presentation of the "Parade of Banners." The units assembled at 10 a. m. and the parade commenced at 11 a. m. It was one of the grand features of the Jubilee, and was directed by Grand Marshal Charles R. Mabey, with Executive Director Oscar A. Kirkham as general banner bearer, and Major Brigham H. Roberts as standard bearer. The line of march began at the Brigham Young monument at 11 o'clock, south on Main St. to 7th So., countermarched north on Main St. to 3rd So., then east to State St., north to So. Temple St., thence west to the monument, passing the review stand at the front of the Church Office Building where the banners were massed. The disbanding of the procession was on No. Main St. On the review stand sat President Heber J. Grant, Governor George H. Dern, Mayor C. Clarence Neslen, Grand Marshal Charles R. Mabey and other dignitaries of the Church and State, with the General Boards and other officers of the Church, who reviewed the procession.

The following was the order of march:

ORDER OF MARCH

FIRST DIVISION

Squad of Police
Trumpeters
Grand Marshal
Aides to Grand Marshal
The National Colors
Military Band
Church, State and Civic Authorities

SECOND DIVISION

New M. I. A. Memorial Banner (Boy Scout Escort)
General Superintendency Y. M. M. I. A.
General Presidency Y. L. M. I. A.
Members of General Board Y.M.M.I.A.
Members of General Board Y.L.M.I.A.
Float—Religion
Old Memorial Banner
Fife and Drum Corps
Pioneers to M. I. A.
Float—The Past of M. I. A.
Float—The Present
Float—The Future
Procession of Torchbearers

THIRD DIVISION

Parade of the Banners Banner
Salt Lake M. I. A. Band
M. I. A. Slogan
Advanced Seniors
Float—History
Gleaners
Float—Literature
M Men
Float—Music
Junior Girls
Float—Science
Advanced Junior Boys
Float—Recreation

FOURTH DIVISION

Girls' M. I. A. Band
Beehive Girls
Float—Mothers' and Daughters' Day.
Boy Scouts
Float—Fathers and Sons' Outing

FIFTH DIVISION

MISSIONS

Northwestern States
California
Eastern States
Central States
Western States
Northern States
Mexican
British
Norwegian
Swedish
Hawaiian
New Zealand
Danish
Swiss and German

LOYALTY DIVISION

Fifteen Mounted Representatives

SIXTH DIVISION

ALPINE STAKE BAND

Alpine stake
Palmyra stake
Nebo stake
Wasatch stake
Summit stake

MORGAN BAND

Morgan stake
Duchesne stake
Roosevelt stake
Uintah stake
Star Valley stake

WOODRUFF BAND

Woodruff stake
Big Horn stake
Taylor stake
Alberta stake
Lethbridge stake
Union stake

UTAH-KOLOB BAND

Kolob stake
Utah stake
Gunnison stake
No. Sanpete stake
So. Sanpete stake

SEVENTH DIVISION

SEVIER BAND

Sevier stake
No. Sevier stake
So. Sevier stake
Wayne stake
Garfield stake
Panguitch stake
Kanab stake
St. George stake
Parowan stake

JUAB BAND

Juab stake
Tintic stake
Deseret stake
Millard stake
Beaver stake

JORDAN BAND

Jordan stake

EIGHTH DIVISION

TOOELE BAND

Tooele stake
Oquirrh stake
Moapa stake
St. John stake
St. Joseph stake
Snowflake stake
Maricopa stake
Los Angeles stake
Juarez stake

SOUTH DAVIS BAND

So. Davis stake
Carbon stake
Emery stake
San Juan stake
San Luis stake
Young stake

NORTH DAVIS BAND

North Davis stake

NINTH DIVISION

COMBINED OGDEN BANDS

Mt. Ogden stake
Weber stake
Ogden stake
No. Weber stake

Float: Peter Skeen Ogden, Trapper.

TENTH DIVISION

LOGAN BAND

Logan stake
Cache stake
Hyrum stake
Benson stake
Franklin stake
Oneida stake

BOX ELDER BAND

Box Elder stake
Bear River stake
Curlew stake
Malad stake

Though advertising was strictly prohibited, Box Elder came near the margin, in their banner motto.

ELEVENTH DIVISION

RIGBY BAND

Rigby stake
Bingham stake
Fremont stake
Yellowstone stake
Teton stake
Lost River stake
Pocatello stake
Blaine stake
Minidoka stake
Raft River stake

Burley stake
Cassia stake
Twin Falls stake
Boise stake
Bannock stake
Bear Lake stake
Montpelier stake
Idaho stake
Portneuf stake
Blackfoot stake
Shelley stake

The singing of these stakes of "Idaho" as they marched was especially telling and pleasing.

TWELFTH DIVISION

GRANITE-GRANT BAND

Grant stake
Granite stake

COTTONWOOD BAND

Cottonwood stake

THIRTEENTH DIVISION

ENSIGN STAKE BAND

Ensign stake

Pioneer stake
Salt Lake stake

FOURTEENTH DIVISION

BOY SCOUT BAND

Liberty stake

Four Motorcycle Officers

Photographs of the grand parade, the banners, the reviewing stand, and many on the line of march were taken and will remain as mementos of the greatest and grandest peace parade ever staged in the intermountain region.

The mottoes on the stake banners, used in the procession are here given:

STAKE MOTTOES USED ON BANNERS

Alberta—Help Yourself by Helping Others.
Alpine—
Bannock—He Who Findeth Knowledge—Findeth Life.
Bear Lake—Rejoice in the Faith of our Fathers.
Bear River—Intelligence and Effort—Success.
Beaver—Wine and Strong Drink are not Good for Man.
Benson—Knowledge is Power—Purity is Strength.
Big Horn—We Sound the Big Horn Forever and Aye.
Bingham—Blessed is He who Serves.
Blackfoot—
Blaine—Think Truly and thy Thoughts shall be a Fruitful Seed.
Boise—A Testimony through Devotion to M. I. A.
Box Elder—A Peach of a Stake.
Burley—The Word of Wisdom is our Temperance Pledge.
Minidoka—With all thy Getting, Get Understanding.
Cache—Loyalty to Home, Church and Country.
Carbon—In Unity there is Strength.
Cassia—We prize our Heritage—We improve our Talents.
Cottonwood—The Glory of Youth is Faith in God.
Curlew—Service to Humanity—Obedience to God.
Deseret—It needs you—You need it—M. I. A.
Duchesne—Mutual Service—Mutual Advancement.
Emery—Choose the Right.
Ensign—Spirituality—Efficiency and Service make Ensign Lead.
Franklin—The spirit of M. I. A. is Service.
Fremont—Service to Youth means Advancement of Truth.
Garfield—What More need we Say than just M. I. A.
Granite—Strong as the Granite of our Mountains.
Grant—Character Grows through Strength and Recreation.
Gunnison—Let no Man despise Thy Youth.
Hyrum—Youth of Zion—Light of the World.
Idaho—Builders of Character.
Jordan—Moral and Spiritual Development are Lasting.
Juab—Thoroughbreds of Civilization.
Juarez—Peace and the Triumph of Right.
Kanab—Be Ye Loyal.
Kolob—
Lethbridge—Poise, Efficiency, Peace. [The key note to the whole procession.—*Ed.*]
Liberty—Love to Fellow Men—Loyalty to God—Brings Liberty to All.
Logan—Faith in God—Service to Men.
Lost River—We are not Lost, Come Join Us.
Los Angeles—
Malad—Watch—Work—Win.
Maricopa—Achievement.
Millard—More Efficient Service.
Minidoka—With all thy Getting, Get Understanding.
Moapa—That we May live more Abundantly.
Montpelier—Our M. I. A.—Guide to Youth.
Morgan—Service to God and Humanity.
Mt. Ogden—Rising in Might.
Nebo—The Summit of all Virtues is our Aim.
North Davis—Truth our Guide—Righteousness our Aim.
North Sanpete—Faith in God.
North Sevier—Self Conquest—Greatest of Victories.
North Weber—M. I. A. Inspires High Ideals.
Ogden—
Oneida—Surmount Difficulties Through Spiritual Endeavor.
Oquirrh—Cooperation and Service is our Aim.
Palmyra—
Panguitch—Who Fight the Fight of Faith.
Parowan—Through Faith and Works we Climb.
Pioneer—Success comes in Cans, Failure in Can'ts, We Can.

Pocatello—The Gate to Intelligence.
Portneuf—Be Awake—A step in Advance.
Raft River—Succeed with What you Have.
Rigby—
Roosevelt—
Salt Lake—Service and Loyalty Teach Love and Knowledge Everlasting.
St. George—Dixie for Mutual Improvement.
St. Joseph—Broadcasting, Service.
St. Johns—Better to get Wisdom than Gold.
San Juan—The Generation of the Upright.
San Luis—Heirs of the Kingdom.
Sevier—Honor, Education, Culture, Recreation and Reverence for God.
Shelley—Service to Mankind.
Snowflake—Purity of Life.
South Davis—Youth of Today—Leaders Tomorrow.
South Sanpete—
South Sevier—Strength in Service.
Star Valley—
Summit—Our A I M like M. I. A. is to Mutually Improve.
Teton—Not Sometimes—But Always in the M. I. A.
Taylor—
Tintic—Order is the First Law of Heaven.
Tooele—No Man can be Saved in Ignorance.
Twin Falls—Unity and Service.
Uintah—Service.
Union—In Union there is Strength.
Utah—Mutually we Stand for Mutual Betterment.
Wasatch—
Wayne—Our Motto—Spiritual, Mental, Moral and Social Development.
Weber—
Woodruff—Many miles away—Yet Strong for M. I. A.
Yellowstone—Faithful to Duty.

Thirteen of the stake mottoes we were unable to obtain and would be pleased to get them, also the missing mottoes of the Mission banners. (See Rally of Banners, page 913.)

On the afternoon of Wednesday, June 10, an M. I. A. Jubileo was held at Liberty Park in which informal games, mass game tournaments, social games, and the M. I. A. Olympics of the Ensign stake, Athletic Tournament and Folk Dance Review were held under the direction of Claude C. Cornwall and Charlotte Stewart of the General Boards Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. A.

In lieu of the closing party contemplated at Saltair which had burned down, the M. I. A. grand ball and social for the M. I. A. delegates and members was held at Cinderella Gardens, Main St. and 9th So. Both in the park and at the Gardens large crowds of young people assembled and enjoyed themselves in entertainment. It was estimated that there were 25,000 people in the Park.

The Superintendency of the Y. M. M. I. A. and the General Board, and the Presidency of the Y. L. M. I. A. and the General Board, are congratulated upon the excellent achievements made in the celebration of this important and noteworthy anniversary. For weeks and months members of the General Board worked hard and very diligently in the preparations that were necessary to stage such an enormous affair in the city. Praise and commendation sufficient cannot be given to the stake presidents and to the superintendents and stake presidents of the M. I. A. throughout the Church and to the ward workers and to the young men and the young women who so diligently took part in the delightful celebration, for their enthusiastic cooperation

in the work, without which it could not have been accomplished. The spirit which was manifest with all the workers and with all the officers and members throughout the Church was one of harmony and good feeling, and is an indication of the power and influence that attends the members of the great organization. It was, fundamentally, a peace conference, convention, and parade. Peace and good will, and the spirit of the gospel characterized every movement, action, and conduct of the young people.

Officers and Board Members

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George Albert Smith, General Supt.
Richard R. Lyman, First Assistant
Melvin J. Ballard, Second Assistant
Oscar A. Kirkham, Executive Director
Moroni Snow, General Secretary
Claude C. Cornwall, Field Secretary
W. O. Robinson, Special Field Worker
B. Cecil Gates, Music Director

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Junius F. Wells
Geo. H. Brimhall
Edward H. Anderson
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Bryant S. Hinckley
Brigham F. Grant
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Heber C. Iverson
Ephraim E. Erickson
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J. Reuben Clark
F. S. Harris

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Lucy Grant Cannon, Second Counselor
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Maria Y. Dougall, Honorary Member
Evangeline T. Beesley, Music Director
Vernetta Lindsay, Asst. Music Director

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Elsie T. Brandley

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Report of Special Committee on Parade

Salt Lake City, June 13, 1925.

To the General Superintendency, Y. M. M. I. A.

Dear Brethren: The judges appointed by you to pass upon the merit of the various features of your Jubilee parade herewith submit their report of findings.

At the outset let us take this occasion to congratulate you upon inaugurating and carrying through to such a glorious conclusion the plan for your Jubilee celebration. The parade was one of the most distinctive performances that has ever been featured in Salt Lake City. To the members of the Church it must have brought genuine satisfaction. To those not of the Church it must have carried a message of very great significance.

General Management:

For the general management of the procession too great credit cannot be given to those having the affair in charge. We should like to compliment for his efficiency the Marshal of the Day and with him his aides in their most commendable arrangement and for their promptness in starting the massive parade and in keeping it moving without a difficulty. Mention should be made also of the efficiency of the City officials and their officers, who were preserving order during the passing of the parade. It has been commented that the crowd was undemonstrative. That may not be true, but it is certainly true that it was a most orderly and respectful crowd. Mention should be made also of the officers and the soldiers from Fort Douglas for their part in making easy the carrying forward of the details of the parade.

General Features:

In the matter of general features, three items stood out in our opinion: (1) The quiet dignity that attached to the parade in general, and particularly to the first division. The unpretentiousness of the undecorated cars which carried the Presiding Authorities of the Church and State and City officials lent a tone to the whole performance. (2) The marching, for voluntary workers, was most commendable; certainly well above the average for such civic affairs. This is all the more noteworthy in view of the fact that the participants in the parade had already marched substantially three miles before passing the reviewing stand. (3) The bands in the parade contributed very largely to its success. It was gracious on the part of the Fort Douglas

officers to let their band serve in this cause and it very fittingly headed the parade musically. The other bands did very commendable work and we feel to congratulate them and you upon this liberal promotion of music among the members of our Church.

PARADE OF THE BANNERS:

The Parade of the Banners was very effective and impressive. It was significant that Brother Oscar A. Kirkham, who has meant so much in Mutual work, should have been standard bearer. Those who followed him with banners and slogans added dignity to this great movement.

GENERAL BOARD SECTION:

The general features of M. I. A. work as depicted by general representatives were also significantly appropriate. We appreciate the fact that it is dangerous and altogether unsatisfactory to select specific units for particular mention, and yet the various groups do call for consideration.

It was impressive to see the numbers marching under the caption of Advanced Seniors. The Gleaners would have done honor to any parade. The appropriateness of their float, their color scheme, and their idea in going back to Ruth, the gleaner of all gleaners, made for an impressiveness which cannot be described. The Junior Girls in the beauty of their maypole idea contributed a distinct touch to the attractiveness of the parade. The Bee Hive Girls with the girls' band, the Mothers' and Daughters' float, the M Men, the Boy Scouts with their band, the Fathers and Sons with their outing float all added substantially to the effectiveness of the parade. The statement becomes all the more significant in view of the fact that it was essentially not a float parade, but a parade exhibiting the promise of young manhood and young womanhood.

MISSIONS:

In view of the distances involved in the representation of the missions and the difficulties which attach to the drawing together of groups to represent the missions, their showing in the parade was most commendable. Not a mission was represented but what was worthy of special mention. Your judges were particularly impressed with the effectiveness of the group representing New Zealand and the group representing the Danish mission.

STAKES:

The real significance of the parade began to drive home when we witnessed the march of the representatives of the various stakes. To see representatives from stakes like Young, Kanab, St. George, Duchesne, Big Horn, Union, Wayne, and San Juan was an inspiration. Their showing though small, had a tremendous significance in the parade. It was only natural that the nearby stakes should be able to make a more substantial showing.

The Canadian stakes were doubly impressive because of their numbers in spite of the distance involved. The enthusiasm which carried across the national boundary was most commendable. The Arizona stakes brought a real breath of Arizona out-of-doorness as did California, the orange state of the Pacific. The Idaho stakes won popular heart with their Idaho loyalty, breaking through with their Idaho song.

From Utah, the Weber county stakes were effective, particular notice being observed by the Ogden Peter Skeen Ogden Trapper Wagon, a wagon which would have done credit to any parade in the land. The Cache Valley stakes were historically significant and carried an enthusiasm which made their part in the parade altogether distinctive. Utah county was well represented with its bands and its unique conception, particularly so in the case of Palmyra, with their significant idea which was so beautifully carried out in their color scheme. Box Elder deserves special mention for its showing in spite of the sixty miles involved. North Davis brought to the parade a brilliancy and effectiveness hard to surpass with the limited amount expended for the demonstration. Tooele was very effective and the unique conception of the "T" and the color scheme made their contribution go over beautifully. The Morgan delegation was an impressive one, with its tone determined very largely by its band, which made a very substantial contribution to the march.

The Salt Lake Valley stakes naturally made the most substantial showing. Numbers and easy access made it possible for them so to do. The organization characteristic of Jordan stake and the enthusiasm which brought in the stake presidency as well as M. I. A. workers put Jordan upon the parade map. Oquirrh stake, so distinctive for its color scheme and for some of the best marching of the parade, made an impressive showing. The Salt Lake stake thought of "Daddy of Them All," with the contribution that it was the Salt Lake stake that put the salt in the work, concretely illustrated in the bags of salt, is worthy of special mention. Pioneer caught the spirit of the day and significantly illustrated it. Grant and Granite were most impressive in their numbers, in their general appearance and in their effective organization. Their band and the Black and white effect of their Gleaners were very impressive. No one who witnessed the parade will forget the chestnut-sorrel horse which headed this division and which reminded us of the day when the automobiles had not crowded the horse out of his glory.

If the judges were asked to select the two stakes, which they should consider the best two in the parade, they should choose Liberty and Ensign. Liberty carried out the idea of their name in a most admirable way. The human flag was one of the most unique features in the parade. Their band was impressive, their floats were significant and their red, white and blue color scheme made a most fitting conclusion

RALLY OF THE BANNERS, M. I. A. JUBILEE, 1925

For a list of stake banners, see this issue of the *Improvement Era*, pp. 906, 907.

Some of the Mission Banners bore titles as follows:
Eastern States: Emmanuel, God With Us
Northern: Work and Humility
Northwestern: Humility Through Service
Western: Work for the Night is Coming
Southern: God Has Again Spoken
Central: A Book of Mormon A Week
Danish: Devotion to God's Work
New Zealand: The Kingdom of God First
Hawaiian: Devotion Brings Joy

to the parade. Ensign caught the idea of the peak, and the wards representing the nationalities within the stake furnished a most happy contribution. The spelling out of Ensign was most effectively done. The yellow and black caps added a dainty touch which made the appearance of their part of the parade very distinctive. We understand we are not to select one stake as having been the best stake. Even if we were asked to do that we should feel inclined to give both Liberty and Ensign first place.

Taken as a whole, from start to finish, in points of order, discipline, dignity, unity of spirit, in true idealism appropriately and beautifully portrayed, the M. I. A. parade is without parallel!

Respectfully submitted,

DAVID O. MCKAY, Chairman
ADAM S. BENNION,
JENNIE BRIMHALL KNIGHT,
GEO. D. PYPER,
MAY ANDERSON.

The Pioneer

Rev. D. G. Ristad, Manitowoc, Wis., President of "Tronderlaget," is an author of ability, has written several hymns in both Norwegian and English. "The Pioneer" is said to be one of his best. It is a real appreciation of the labors and sacrifices of the pioneers who found a wilderness and transformed it into a veritable paradise on earth. It is to be hoped that some Norse-American composer will write music for this poem, worthy of the sentiment so well worded by Rev. Ristad. The *Era* is indebted to C. H. Parsons, Los Angeles, California, for a copy:

I love this mighty land of God—
My fathers' home and mine,—
Where honest labor proudly trod
In peaceful battle-line.
From Maine and to the Golden Gate
Is flung our free and fair estate
Upon the shining sod.

By faith the Pilgrim Fathers fought
To win our nation's right;
The pioneer in silence wrought
The marrow of our might;
He was our fortune's earnest pledge,
The guardian of our heritage,
The foremost in the fight.

No better boon in manhood sheer
Ennobled Tyre or Rome.
Than owned the soverign pioneer
Who made this land our home.
A hero of the living soil
He crowned with honor human toil
Beneath the mundane dome.

Unmoved by fear, unspoiled by hoard,
Unbeaten at the goal,
He humbly yielded to the Lord
The homage of his soul.
A comrade of the woods and plain
He tuned his voice to their refrain,
The Maker to extol.

His work is done; his day is spent;
He rests among his peers;
A nation is his monument,
His requiem, our cheers.
But still in cottage, town and mart,
In all we are in mind and heart,
He lives through countless years.

Editors' Table

A Message from the Superintendency

To M. I. A. Workers in the Field

Dear Brethren and Sisters: We hereby express our great appreciation, for the resolute help we received from the Presidents of stakes, whose loyal support and cooperation we enjoyed, and from stake Superintendents and Presidents of the M. I. A. throughout the Church, and their boards, ward presidents and workers, who gave themselves with commendable zeal to make our great Jubilee a success.

To the wonderful stake turnouts that appeared in our parade we say that you not only came up to our expectations, but exceeded them. We realize that this meant weeks of anxious care and labor on your part, but we feel that the thrill of joy which you had, with us, as these grand columns marched down the streets of Salt Lake, was full pay for all our time and effort.

No such sermon has been preached in the history of the Church as that on June 10, when over twelve thousand young men and young women of Zion, marched in colors that were impressive, in spirit that was glorious, and in demonstrations that made a profound impression upon both members and non-members of the Church. It gave evidence to all the world that the youth of Israel are still true to the faith. It has aroused the spirit of loyalty toward the Church and the M. I. A., in the hearts of many who have been more or less careless and indifferent. It has encouraged our workers with a vision and enthusiasm that will surely lead us forward to greater things, and it has served notice on all that we are yet alive and full of the faith that will carry us off victorious.

We feel that our whole Jubilee, from the reception on Saturday evening to the conclusion on Wednesday night, was one preeminent success; and we are delighted to know that this is the opinion of the General Authorities of the Church who have expressed themselves to us fully satisfied with everything that was done. The splendid spirit of our meetings on Sunday when our slogan was the great theme, was so uplifting and inspirational that it will long live in the memory of those who attended. Then our Pageant, on Monday night, was a high-water mark in the history of pageantry in the Church. The enthusiasm with which the great numbers who participated cooperated, and the fine spirit they displayed, was gratifying to behold. We appreciate the large delegations who came to the musical contest, the choruses and the bands. We realize that this was done at expense and through great effort, but it was undoubtedly a blessing

to all who participated, and the demonstration of the skill and ability possessed by the young men and young women of the Church was an inspiration in very deed.

We are therefore thankful to all who took part, but more than all else are we grateful to God our heavenly Father, who put his approval and blessing upon all that we did. Over all this was his Spirit, moving and inspiring all who took part, impressing all who beheld, and providing us with the most desirable weather. We feel that we have the benediction of Heaven upon our humble efforts to glorify the name of the Lord, to magnify his Church, and to inspire the workers in this great M. I. A. auxiliary of the Church. Praying the spirit of the Jubilee shall come to all parts of the Church, and long remain to inspire those who were participants, and that it may prove to be a great blessing to all our members everywhere, is the wish and prayer of,

Your brethren,
GEORGE ALBERT SMITH,
RICHARD R. LYMAN,
MELVIN J. BALLARD,
General Superintendency.

Unique and Inspiring

President Rudger Clawson, of the Council of the Twelve, has favored the *Era* with this sentiment:

The M. I. A. Jubilee is a thing of the past. The remembrance of it will be vivid in the minds of the people for many years to come. The conference supplied a great spiritual feast. The pageant for Monday night at the Tabernacle was unique and inspiring, and for two hours and a-half held the congregation spellbound. An unusual feature of the concert, on Tuesday night, was the "Show Boy," played by the ensemble of bands—twenty-one bands. The great volume of music that filled the building was over-powering. It electrified the audience. The building seemed to tremble on its foundation.

The most striking and unparalleled feature of the Jubilee was the great Parade. It was different to anything that has gone before. It was colorful. What with the marching of some twelve or thirteen thousand M. I. A. workers, the young people of Zion, with banners aloft, under the lively strains of band music, a feeling of awe and admiration was aroused in the heart that is simply indescribable. The Parade started on time and ended in a blaze of glory. Then came the ensemble of standards in front of the reviewing stand at the Church Office Building. This was the last but not the least important feature

of the march. Facing the standards was a great crowd of people, conspicuous among them being President Heber J. Grant, Governor George H. Dern and Mayor C. Clarence Neslen.

RUDGER CLAWSON.

We Are Marching One Hundred Thousand Strong

Elder Orson F. Whitney, has favored the *Era* with the following sentiment, on the Y. M. M. I. A. 50th Anniversary Jubilee:

I attended most of the gatherings connected with the great Jubilee. The Pageant in the Tabernacle, while it had flaws—due, no doubt, to lack of enough rehearsals—was still a splendid success.

As for the Parade on Wednesday, it was absolutely unparalleled. I have never seen anything like it—anything that approached it. I believe it could not be duplicated anywhere else on earth. It was costly, no doubt, but it pays to lay out money for the cultivation of high and noble sentiment. I would not willingly part with the feelings of exaltation that filled my soul as I witnessed that unrivaled spectacle, that marvelous out-pouring of the sons and daughters of Zion, marching under the banner of Mutual Improvement. It made me think of a slogan in the days of Lincoln and the Civil War. After the firing on Fort Sumpter, Lincoln called for seventy-five thousand volunteers, to put down the Rebellion, thinking they could do it in about sixty days. But that hope was shattered at Bull Run, where the Union army was routed by the Confederates. The President then issued another call, to which the whole North responded, marching, marching on to overwhelming victory. It was then that the slogan was sounded: "We are coming, Father Abraham, one hundred thousand more!" I thought of this while our boys and girls were marching in that wonderful parade.

I also had in mind the memorable words of President (then Counselor) Daniel H. Wells, spoken at that meeting in the Social Hall referred to by Elder Moses Thatcher in his letter to Junius F. Wells, and quoted by Junius in his address last Sunday morning. I, too, was at the Social Hall meeting and heard Brother Wells utter those thrilling words: "I hear the tread of marching hosts—the coming hosts of the youth of Israel, and it is music to my ears."

That parade was a delight to all who witnessed it, and whose good opinion is worth having. The angels must have rejoiced over it, and the devils, if they looked on, trembled. It was both a prophecy and a fulfilment—a fulfilment of past hopes and predictions, a prophecy of glories yet to come.

ORSON F. WHITNEY.

MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS

On the Laws of Nature and the Laws of God

Wilford D. Gygi, president of the first branch of Zurich, Switzerland, reports that on the 12th of February, 1925, Elder James E. Talmage, president of the European mission, paid his first visit to Zurich, accompanied by President Fred Tadje of the Swiss-German mission. On a short time of two day's notice a conference was arranged which turned out to be well attended by members and friends, many coming from neighboring cities. President Talmage gave a splendid talk on the relation between the laws of nature and the laws of God. A missionary meeting was held on the following day. Six elders are at present laboring in this conference, but we hope that this number may be soon increased, for the work of the Lord is going forward rapidly. This is the largest city in Switzerland, having 222,000 inhabitants. It is one of Europe's prettiest cities.

Elders, left to right, back row: Morris Kunz, Bern, Idaho; Wilford D. Gygi, Salt Lake City; Charles Baumann, Geneva, Idaho; Gustav Liebelt, Salt Lake City. Front row: Mission President Fred Tadje; President James E. Talmage; and Milford Herzog of Geneva, Idaho.

Rulon S. Howells, writing from Cologone on the Rhine, Germany, says: "We are sorry that the people here cannot read English so that we could get subscriptions for the *Improvement Era,* for we feel that through its columns, among friends, the gospel message would be well spread, but we appreciate the little magazine and look forward to each issue."

James D. Moyle, conference president Norwich conference, England: "We find the *Era* a great help in the missionary life, both as an instruction book and as an international medium between the missions. Many of the elders welcome the *Era* as they would a letter from home, for it carries gratifying articles and stimulates readers, even though they be not numbered with us."

Mutual Work

M. I. A. Year-Round Program in Recreation

SUMMER PROGRAM.

June—Flag Day. Commemorate some of the stirring events in which the Latter-day Saints have given allegiance to the flag.

An evening in honor of Jubilee year. The message of the Torch Bearers.

July—Independence Day. A safe and sane Fourth.

Pioneer Day. Dramatic events in "Mormon" history. Commemorate the deeds of local pioneers and give special honor and attention to the living.

August—Play Day and Picnic. An inter-stake or stake event. The day when many folks can get together and establish friendly relations in competitive play.

REGULAR SEASON'S PROGRAM.

September—Flying Squadron. Stake boards and ward officers in organized movement in the interest of the M. I. A.

Stake Officers' Social.

Ward Officers' Social.

An evening to cement friendly and social relations and to discuss the coming season's program.

Note: Of the following program, one, the Membership Social, is planned for the second Tuesday in October; two, the Drama and the Music program, for the fifth Tuesday in December and March respectively; the M. I. A. Day for a day in the latter part of May, to be selected by the stake. The other programs suggested may be presented on other than Tuesday evenings; a place for them may be arranged for by the Committee on Recreation, on the Year Round Program.

October—Membership social. An evening to provide membership, money and merriment.

November—Cooperate with year-round program. Probably produce the M. I. A. pageant, "Past, Present and Future." Read message of the Torch Bearers. (See July *Era*.)

December—Drama. A feature year in drama. Present the Jubilee prize play and your own prize play. (See July, 1925, *Era*.)

January—Cooperate with year-round program. Probably "a model social dancing party."

February—Cooperate with year-round program. An ideal "Fun Night."

March—Music Month.

a. Hymn contest of the new L. D. S. hymns; also "Glory to God," Stephens, July, 1925, *Era*.
b. Home composers' night, local and Church-wide.
c. Opera.
d. Songs of the Trail.

April—Civic Pride Campaign. Plant something ornamental and useful—a rose tree, a grape vine. Beautify the city, and especially the ward meeting-house and its surroundings.

May—Annual M. I. A. Day. The M. I. A. in the gala attire of May Day.

For elaboration of events as above, ask the *Era* office for pamphlet. Also for pamphlet on "Fathers and Sons' Annual Outing," for 1925.

Y. M. M. I. A. Efficiency Report, May, 1925

STAKES	Membership	Class Work	Recreation	Scout Work	"M" Men	Slogan	"Era"	Fund	Monthly Stake and Ward Officers' Mtgs	Ward Officers' Meetings	Total
Box Elder	10	5	9	8	6	10	10	10	8	9	85
Deseret	10	6	8	10	6	10	10	10	7	5	82
Ensign	7	6	10	10	10	10	9	7	10	10	89
Ogden	10	6	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	96
Oquirrh	10	4	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	94
South Davis	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
South Sevier	7	5	6	6	3	6	5	6	6	2	52
Burley	10	6	8	7	7	10	10	9	9	10	86
Franklin	10	3	10	10	8	10	10	10	10	10	91
Idaho	9	5	7	8	5	8	8	10	9	7	76
Lost River	10	6	10	5	7	10	8	10	----	7	73
Oneida	7	5	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	10	91
Pocatello	10	6	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	95
Rigby	10	6	10	10	10	10	10	9	10	9	94
Teton	6	10	5	----	1	5	5	10	6	2	50
Twin Falls	10	6	10	6	5	9	7	9	10	7	79
Yellowstone	4	10	10	5	7	10	10	10	10	10	86
Alberta	10	10	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	76
Lethbridge	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
Woodruff	10	5	10	10	10	10	10	10	6	8	89
Young	10	4	10	----	10	10	10	8	10	10	82
N. W. States	10	10	10	2	----	8	7	7	----	9	82

Y. M. M. I. A. Statistical Report, May, 1925

STAKES	Should be Enrolled	No. Wards	No. Wards Reporting	Officers and Class Leaders' Enrollment	Ad. Senior Enrollment	Senior Enrollment	Ad. Junior Enrollment	Junior Enrollment	Total	Officers and Class Leaders' Attendance	Ad. Senior Attendance	Senior Attendance	Ad. Junior Attendance	Junior Attendance	Total
Box Elder	785	13	13	112	332	171	35	307	957	67	104	41	6	134	352
Deseret	435	12	11	96	254	129	83	138	700	60	152	65	45	80	400
Ensign	916	8	7	64	162	163	248	----	637	56	59	73	176	----	364
Ogden	789	10	10	104	175	270	14	308	871	71	40	78	4	135	328
Oquirrh	420	5	5	56	65	96	45	178	439	41	20	35	14	79	189
South Davis	503	8	8	80	106	128	23	255	592	68	69	90	14	155	396
South Sevier	285	8	5	40	54	50	12	59	215	19	9	10	6	23	67
Burley	315	9	9	76	130	95	10	131	442	62	62	42	2	62	230
Franklin	420	11	11	105	203	229	----	205	742	63	83	65	----	78	289
Idaho	296	8	6	46	81	31	----	44	202	28	39	8	----	14	89
Lost River	120	4	4	36	54	40	----	44	174	28	20	26	----	23	97
Oneida	354	11	6	43	90	31	6	77	247	31	33	16	2	32	114
Pocatello	473	10	10	102	96	137	36	143	514	76	54	58	28	80	296
Rigby	535	13	13	115	132	127	36	129	539	72	74	67	58	78	349
Teton	298	8	5	34	58	35	30	23	180	25	37	30	20	18	130
Twin Falls	194	7	7	47	88	46	----	56	237	20	54	27	----	51	152
Yellowstone	335	10	4	23	36	35	4	34	132	18	25	18	2	24	87
Alberta	351	11	8	73	130	146	----	173	522	60	79	98	----	118	355
Lethbridge	236	9	7	72	70	60	15	69	286	46	35	35	9	65	190
Woodruff	435	8	8	72	161	135	18	139	525	50	85	60	13	75	283
Young	85	4	3	22	57	22	----	36	137	12	19	11	----	18	60
N. W. States	220	16	14	78	182	68	26	15	369	55	130	43	19	9	256

Thanks to these stakes for faithful continuance to the season's end.

Passing Events

Presiding Bishop Charles W. Nibley was appointed second counselor in the First Presidency, May 28, 1925, and President Anthony W. Ivins first counselor, thus filling the vacancy caused by the death of President Charles W. Penrose.

China protests against the killing of Chinese students, by the British Police in Shanghai. The note is dated June 2, and addressed to the senior Italian minister. The strikes and student demonstrations that led to the killing are supposed to have been inspired by bolshevik agitators.

Sylvester Q. Cannon, president of Pioneer stake, Salt Lake City, was appointed presiding Bishop, June 4, 1925, to succeed President Charles W. Nibley. Bishop Cannon chose as his counselors Bishops David A. Smith and John Wells, who have acted many years as counselors to Bishop Nibley.

Wm. J. Bryan is accused of "ignorance or wilful misrepresentation when he claims that the theory of evolution denies the existence of God." The accuser is Rev. James L. Williamson of the Kings Highway Congregational church, Brooklyn; and the accusation was made in a paper he read at the morning service, May 24, instead of a sermon.

Camille Flammarion, the famous French astronomer, died June 4, 1925, at Juvisy where he was head of the observatory. He was 83 years old. M. Flammarion, one of the greatest astronomers of the century, was best known for his repeated assertions that Mars was inhabited. In addition to many standard books on astronomy, he wrote, *Death and Its Mystery, and Mysterious Psychic Forces.*

Sir H. Rider Haggard died in London, May 14, 1925, after a four months' illness. He was a world famous writer of fiction, such as *King Solomon's Mines, The Dawn,* etc. But he was also a practical farmer interested in extensive farming in England. He was born at Brodinham, Norfolk, June 22, 1856. He was in the government service in Africa for a number of years, and there he got his background for a number of his novels. He was knighted in 1912.

President A. W. Ivins was chosen to preside over the Utah Genealogical Society, June 8, 1925, as the successor to the late President C. W. Penrose. Elder Joseph Fielding Smith was elected vice president and treasurer, and R. B. Summerhays, secretary. A. William Lund was chosen a member of the board, there being a vacancy on account of the death of President Penrose. The officers and members now are: President Ivins, Joseph Fielding Smith, Joseph Christenson, Hyrum G. Smith, John A. Widtsoe, and A. W. Lund.

The Oregon school law was declared unconstitutional, by the U. S. Supreme Court, June 1, 1925. It provides that all children between 8 and 16 years must attend public schools exclusively. The decision was delivered by Justice McReynolds, who said, in part: "The inevitable practical result of enforcement of the law will destroy these private schools," said the justice. "These schools have long been recognized as filling a lawful need and purpose." The law was passed in 1923 and has been a basis of litigation ever since.

A lynching took place, to the disgrace of the state, at Price, Carbon county, Utah, June 17, when a mob killed a negro, Robert Marshall, for the murder of James Milton Burns, city marshal at Castlegate. The murderers' whereabouts were revealed by another negro. He was then captured and hanged. When the officers arrived on the scene, the crime had already been committed. H. E. Crockett, secretary of state, in the absence of

Governor Dern, ordered F. W. Keller, district attorney of the seventh district, and Ray Demming, sheriff of Carbon county, to make a thorough investigation.

Captain Roald Amundsen returned, June 18, to Spitzbergen, from trip north. The story is that, when only 150 miles from the Pole, he was forced to descend, on account of half of the fuel being exhausted. The planes then became locked in ice. After 24 days of effort, the men succeeded in freeing one of the planes, and they made the return journey in that conveyance in eight hours and a half to the northern point on Northeast land, where they were picked up by the Norwegian cruiser *Heimdal* and taken to the starting point at King's bay. The explorers had been missing since May 21, when they started for the Pole in two aeroplanes..

The Wendover Cutt-off was opened for public traffic on June 13, at Salduro, by the U. S. secretary of agriculture, assisted by Governor Dern of Utah and Governor Scrubham of Nevada, in the presence of perhaps 400 spectators, mostly from Utah. The removal of the last vestige of the "Chinese wall," as it has sometimes been called, came as the climax of ceremonies during which Secretary Jardine announced a policy of his department to continue Federal aid highway construction until the Federal highway system is finished, this policy applying with special force to the west, where vast areas owned by the United States make the cost of building roads across far-flung spaces entirely too costly for the local communities to bear, even were it the just and proper thing that they should bear such costs.

Zion National Park was opened officially by Governor Geo. H. Dern of Utah, in the presence of visitors from all parts of Utah, California, Idaho, and other neighboring states. According to the accounts, the governor was handed a large goldkey by little Miss Lucy Durnett, five-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Durnett. This key fitted a padlock fastened to a chain of flowers, and when he turned it, the canyon was open. At the Zion Park national lodge, speeches were made by President Heber J. Grant, Governor Dern, E. O. Howard, Senator David Hirschi of Washington, George H. Smith, general solicitor of the Oregon Short Line; T. D. Peck and H. W. Lunt, state road commissioners. President Grant was accompanied by his brother B. F. Grant, general manager of the *Deseret News,* and George D. Pyper.

General Nelson A. Miles died May 15, at Washington, while attending a circus performance. He was surrounded by happy children, including those of his own family's third generation, excited over the prospect of witnessing reproduction of scenes which in their actuality had occupied so important a phase of his own life. Turning to Mrs. W. B. Noble, mother of his daughter-in-law, the General complained that he felt ill. Before help could be summoned he collapsed into the arms of Dr. A. E. Craig, sitting directly behind him. Despite his advanced years—86—the death of General Miles came as an extreme shock to his intimate associates. During the twenty-two years which have elapsed since he was retired "for age" he had maintained an active interest in current affairs. General Miles participated in more than 30 of the severest battles of the Civil War, was wounded four times, fought Indians for 20 years, and finished his military career by leading the force that occupied Porto Rico during the war with Spain.

President Coolidge visited St. Paul, June 8, where the Norwegians were celebrating the 100th anniversary of the arrival of the first Norwegian immigrants in New York. In his address before "the greatest audience that ever assembled in the west," he declared that "the vast tides of immigrants have come through the national melting pot with pure patriotism and fraternal spirit that stand as examples to all the other nations of the world." The first organized party of Norwegian immigrants consisted of a band of farmers who crossed the Atlantic in the little sloop *Restaurationen* in 1825. Mrs. Sarah Ann Nelson-Peterson, wife of the late President Canute Peterson,

of Sanpete was a daughter of Cornelius Nelson, one of the "Sloopers,"—as those immigrants are called,—who came to America from Norway in 1825. Sister Peterson has 113 descendants living in Utah. One of her daughters is Sarah Ann Lund, wife of the Late President Anthon H. Lund. Endre Dahl, the cook on board the *Restaurationen,* also came to Utah. He settled at Lehi where he died.

Thomas R. Marshall, vice president 1912-16, died suddenly in Washington, June 1, as a result of heart failure. A week previously he had suffered an attack, but had apparently recovered. He woke in the morning and seemed to feel quite well. After breakfast he was sitting upon the bed, reading the Bible, when he suddenly laid the book aside, removed his glasses, and, without speaking, fell back against his pillows. When Mrs. Marshall, who was summoned by the nurse, arrived, his spirit had already left the body, the Bible was open at the 4th chapter of Mark. Mr. Marshall was born in North Manchester, Wabash county, Indiana March 14, 1854, the only son of Dr. Daniel M. and Martha A. Patterson Marshall. He attended the public schools and his mother had dreams of him becoming a famous preacher but the trials of a circuit rider in those days did not appeal to him and after being graduated from Wabash college at Crawfordsville, Indiana at 19, he read law and was admitted to the bar of Columbia City, Indiana, upon his twenty-first birthday. Coming from Virginia stock but a Hoosier by birth, Marshall, while a successful lawyer, never courted national prominence until it was thrust upon him in 1908 by his nomination as governor of Indiana and again later when he was selected as President Wilson's running mate in 1912.

Senator Robert M. La Follette of Wisconsin, last year an independent candidate for president, died, June 18, at his home in Washington of heart failure, brought on by bronchitis and bronchial asthma, from which he had been a sufferer for many years. His last message to the world was: "I am at peace with all the world, but there is a lot of work I could still do. I don't know how the people will feel toward me, but I shall take to the grave my love for them, which has sustained me through life."

He was born on a farm near Madison, June 14, 1855. He derived his name from ancestral stock of French Hugenot refugees. His Kentucky father, Josiah La Follette, and his mother, May (Furgeson) La Follette, were pioneers in Wisconsin, where they went from Indiana. There children were reared in the face of poverty, but all were able to attend the rural schools. Elected governor of Wisconsin, in 1901 on a reform platform, he launched a fight against railroad influence in state politics, and also led the movement for the direct primary law, adopted by the Wisconsin Legislature in 1904. He was elected to the senate the same year, and resigned from the governorship. During his early service in the senate he won prominence by repeated forays against "special privilege" and "special interests" in tariff and other legislation. He broke with President Taft in 1911 and opposed the administration's Canadian reciprocity treaty. He was an early advocate of woman suffrage, labor legislation and taxation of the wealthy classes. Later, he advocated recall of judges and judicial decisions, and came out in favor of nationalizing the railways. After voting against the American war declaration, Senator La Follette also opposed the selective draft act, but supported the enormous war appropriations and other bills. He sponsored many "free speech" proposals, fought ratification of the treaty of Versailles, and in many long speeches after the war urged amnesty for those convicted under the espionage act. The domestic and private life of Senator La Follette was ideal. At the age of 26 he married Miss Belle Cas of Baraboo, Wis., and from that moment she became his political as well as his personal partner. They had four children, Philip, now a partner in the senator's law firm at Madison; Floa, the wife of George Middelton, New York playwright; Mrs. Mary Sucher, and Robert La Follette, Jr.

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CONTENTS

Portrait of President Charles Wilson Nibley		*Frontispiece*
The Triumph of the May. Prize Jubilee Poem	*Bertha A. Kleinman*	801
Graphic Glimpses of Pioneer Life. Illustrated	*Charles W. Penrose*	803
In Memory of Charles W. Penrose. A Poem	*Geo. H. Brimhall*	811
President Charles W. Penrose	*Elizabeth C. Porter*	812
Archaeological Finds in Arizona. Illustrated	*J. M. Sjodahl*	813
The Heritage and Promise. Part III-I	*John Henry Evans*	822
To President Charles W. Penrose. A Poem	*Geo. H. Brimhall*	825
Glory to God. Prize Jubilee Hymn	*Evan Stephens*	826
O. Hark! a Glorious Sound is Heard. Hymn	*W. O. Robinson, B. C. Gates*	828
What They Say		828
First Y. M. M. I. A. in England	*James H. Wallis*	830
Our Pioneers. A Poem	*Anna Prince Redd*	831
The Stream's Whisper. A Poem	*Alfred Lambourne*	832
A Monument to the Handcart Pioneers. Illustrated	*Elizabeth Cannon Porter*	833
Some Philosophies	*Lloyd O. Ivie*	838
God's Debt. Prize Jubilee Story	*J. Arthur Horne*	841
The Boys of '76. A Poem	*Henry F. Kirkham*	849
The Unequal Yoke. Prize Jubilee Play	*Blanche K. McKey*	850
Bits of Philosophy	*Nephi Jensen*	857
The Business of Youth. Prize Jubilee Essay	*Venice F. Anderson*	858
What Has to Be Done. A Poem	*Bertha A. Kleinman*	865
Boy Scouts of America. Prize Jubilee Scout Song	*Pearl Timpson*	866
The Beginning of the "Improvement Era" 1897	*B. H. Roberts*	869
Stop and Think	*D. C. Retsloff*	872
Historical Sketch of the Y. M. M. I. A. First Period II	*Junius F. Wells*	873
Weed Your Own Gardens	*Joseph S. Peery*	882
President Charles Wilson Nibley. (Frontispiece)		883
Tomorrow. A Poem	*W. M. Hodson*	885
Bishop Sylvester Q. Cannon. With Portrait		887
God's Love. A Poem	*Olive Belnap Jenson*	888
June Days. A Pioneer Story	*Dorothy C. Robinson*	889
To the Graduates. A Poem	*Helen Kimball Orgill*	892
Pioneer "Wagon" Grease	*Minnie Crawford*	893
Round the Camp Fire. Scout Song	*O. E. Howell*	895
The M. I. A. June Conference and Jubilee. Illustrated	*Edward H. Anderson*	897
Report of Special Committee on Parade	*David O. McKay, Chairman*	910
The Pioneer. A Poem	*Rev. D. G. Ristad*	914
Editors' Table—A Message from the Superintendency	*George Albert Smith*	915
Unique and Inspiring	*Prest. Rudger Clawson*	916
We are Marching One Hundred Thousand Strong	*Elder Orson F. Whitney*	917
Message from the Missions		918
Mutual Work		919
Passing Events		922

Passing Events

Five thousand persons perished in an earthquake in China, March 16, when the town of Talifu in northwest Yunnan, was destroyed. The worst shock lasted only 5 or 6 seconds, but shocks continued all night, and fire completed the destruction.

The Deseret News celebrated the 75th anniversary of its birth, June 6, with an extra edition, containing, among other things, a review of its interesting career. The paper has been a mighty factor in the development of Utah and the intermountain region.

Three churches have been dissolved in Canada, by act of parliament, effective June 10, at midnight. They are the Methodist, the Presbyterian and the Congregational denominations of the Dominion, which have merged into one, under the name of The United Church of Canada. The new organization embraces nearly 9,000 congregations.

Work was commenced on the addition to the Deseret News building, June 2, Salt Lake City. It is to be in an "L" shape and to front on Richards street and extending to back of the present site of the Deseret News Annex. The structure will have three stories and basement, with a total floor area of approximately 45,000 square feet. The newspaper will have one of the best equipped homes in the west. The architects are Raymond J. Ashton and Raymond Evans.

Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick held his first sermon in the church he now serves as pastor in New York, on May 31, 1925, to a packed house. In the audience were the Rockefellers, of oil fame. Pastor Fosdick pleaded for a "broader liberality" in doctrine. The younger generation, he said, is rebellious, impatient of conventional Christianity. "Only "vital Christianity" will now "get them."

Mrs. Catherine Glover Rigby died in Salt Lake City, May 19, 1925, at the age of 83 years. She was one of the company that left New York in 1846 in the ship *Brooklyn,* for the west. Mrs. Rigby was born in Pottsville, Pa., Feb. 10, 1842 the daughter of William and Jane Cowan Glover. With her parents she left Pottsville when four years old for New York. The company, under the captaincy of Samuel Brannan and composed of the first Latter-day Saints to sail from that port for Utah, was six months on the water, reaching San Francisco via Cape Horn in the fall of 1846. Mrs. Rigby with other Saints lived on the coast when gold was discovered at Sutter's Fort in 1849 and came to Utah the same year.

The Parowan stake presidency was reorganized, May 31, 1925, by Elders George F. Richards and John A. Widtsoe, of the Council of the Twelve. William R. Palmer, second counselor in the retiring presidency, was appointed president; Thomas J. Jones, was chosen first counselor, and Arthur R. Fife as second counselor. Members of the retiring presidency were honorably released. They were Henry W. Lunt, president; Byron D. Higbee, first counselor, and President Palmer, second counselor.

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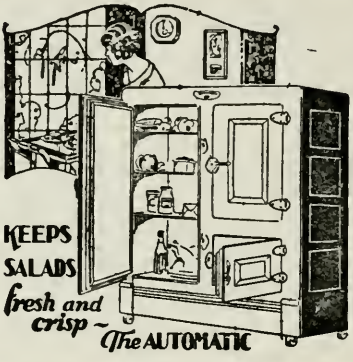

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Monument for Martin Harris

A granite monument, fifteen feet in height, to be placed at the grave of Martin Harris, one of the three witnesses to the Book of Mormon, in the cemetery at Clarkston, Cache county, is being made by the firm of Joseph S. Parry & Sons of Ogden. It is planned to ship the monument to Clarkston in the later part of June on two large motor trucks.

Prominent officials of the Church will attend the placing of the monument. The inscription on the shaft will read: "Martin Harris, one of the three witnesses of the Book of Mormon. Born Eastown, Saratoga county, New York, May 18, 1783. Died, Clarkston, Cache county, Utah, July 10, 1875."

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Play and Recreation

"When one is tired one should recuperate through recreation. To the mentally tired, physical exercise may be resting; while to the physically fatigued, mental activity may be refreshing. Generally a rest spells a change of activity, not idleness. But this change should in each case fit individual needs."—*Newell H. Comish,* Professor of Economics and Sociology, Oregon Agricultural College.

These two questions are often asked: (1) What is the function of play in the life of the organism? (2) What are the essential psychological characteristics of play as distinguished from those of ordinary mental life? Three theories have been advanced, in answer to the first question, and there is some truth in each:

(1) The "surplus-energy" theory of Spencer who holds that play is the natural outlet of such energy in a vigorous organism.

(2) The "practices" theory which, according to Groos, adheres to the thought that play has a positive function in the life of the animal, in affording practice and preparation for the serious activities of life.

(3) The "recuperative" theory that regards play-activities as giving an opportunity for rest or recuperation on the part of the other activities.

The real psychological characteristic of play lies possibly in the fact that "the end of play is always the pleasure of the activity itself, while work has always some end beyond the activity."—A.

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